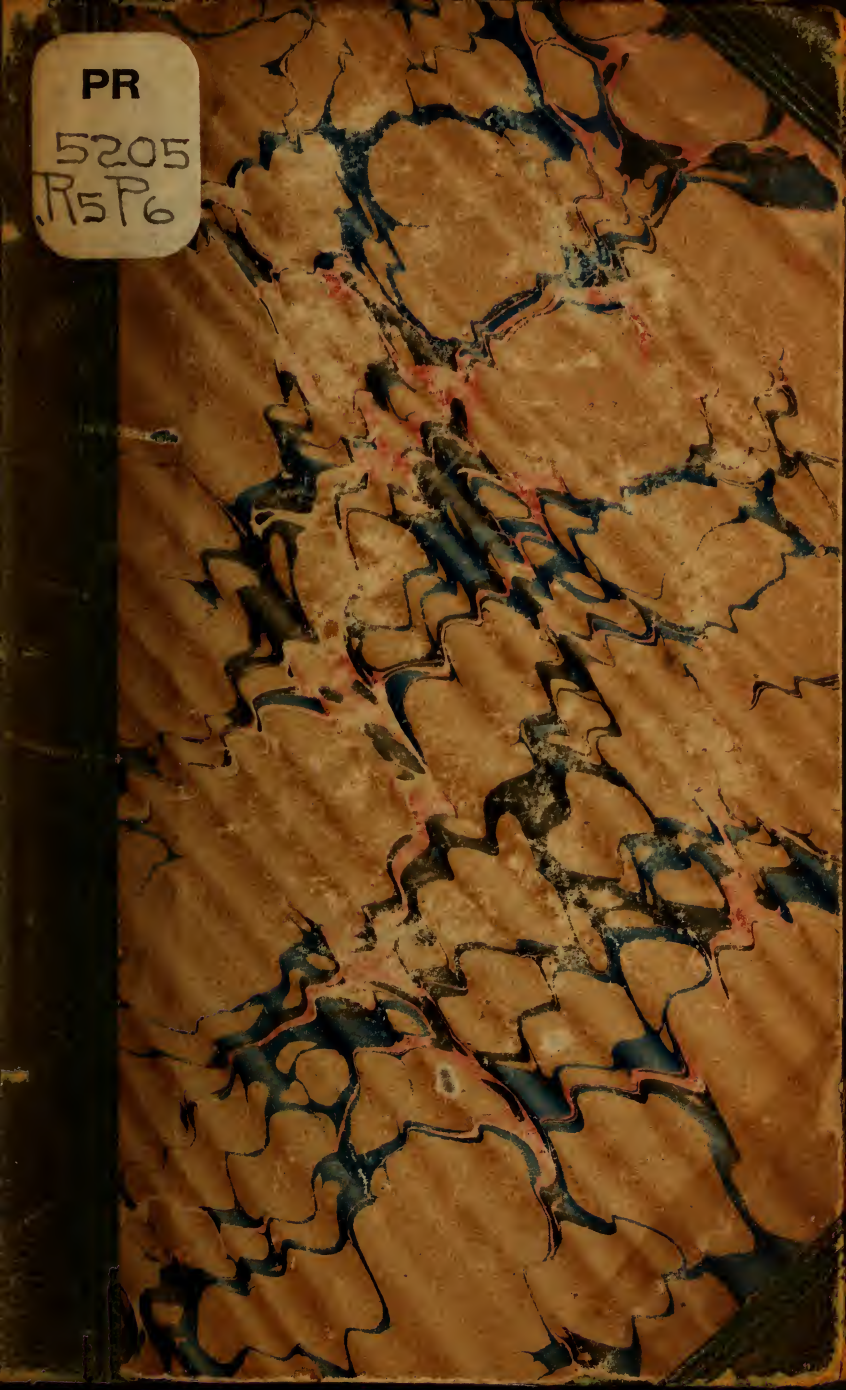


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Watson F. Rae.

POEMS,
SONGS, AND SONNETS.

BY

ROBERT RAE.

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~~~~~  
“ Gi’e me a’e spark o’ Nature’s fire,  
It’s a’ the learning I desire,  
And though I toil through dub and mire,  
At plough or cart ;  
My muse, though hamely in attire,  
May touch the heart.”

*Burns.*

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P R E F A C E.

IN presenting the present Volume to the Public, the author confesses himself very diffident of a favourable reception. He can scarcely expect, even his friends, to turn for a moment from the noble productions of Byron, Campbell, or Moore, to the simple effusions of one who owns himself ignorant, not only of the rules of Grammar, but even of those of Composition. He offers no apology, such as, the advice of friends, &c.; this he would consider merely a tax upon the understanding of the reader. —In truth, he had few to advise with in the matter, still fewer to recommend, where recommendation would, perhaps, only have betrayed a want of taste, judgment, or a wish to encourage, with a little flattery, what reason condemned. Be this as it may, the Volume is now before the Public; the best, and most impartial judge of its merits or defects.

He frequently derived pleasure in composing these pieces, when time would otherwise have hung heavy on his hands; and, if *one* is considered a Gem, (though rough and unpolished,) worthy of a place in the Cabinet of Song, it will be an honour he has not dared to anticipate.

A number of them were composed in his seventeenth year; the rest, at various times since.

He returns his sincere thanks to those who have honoured him with their subscriptions, and solicits the kind indulgence of his readers.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Toss'd upon the bounding billow,
Far from home and country borne,
I have left my sleepless pillow,
Yet to gaze a while, forlorn.
Hush ! thou dark and stormy ocean !
Cease, oh ! cease thine angry swell :
While I gaze with wild emotion ;
Gaze, and breathe my last Farewell !

Yet one look—the last—for ever !
Scotia, on thy shores I cast ;

Yet a tear, before we sever ;
 Yet a sigh, but not the last !
 Glorious land ! despairing, frantic,
 Suffering more than tongue can tell,
 Wafted o'er the wild Atlantic,
 I must breathe my last Farewell !

I have left thy scenes romantic ;
 All that's beautiful, and grand ;
 Towering hills, and rocks gigantic ;
 Ne'er again to touch thy strand.
 Land of steep, majestic mountains,
 Hoary cliff, and shaggy dell ;
 Land of cataracts, streams, and fountains ;
 Land of waving woods—Farewell,

Land, where storms and tempests gather,
 Wild, as are thy sons in wrath ;
 Land, where sweet the purple heather,
 Scents the mountain wanderer's path ;
 Land of those whose souls of bravery,
 Hosts of foes could never quell ;

Land, that spurn'd the yoke of slavery ;

Land of Wallace—Fare thee well.

Land, whose Thistle, crimson-crested,

Triumph'd oft o'er England's Rose,

And on fields, with blood contested,

Proudly wav'd o'er slaughter'd foes ;

Land, where bright, and peerless beauty,

Throws around her magic spell—

Take an Exile's last, sad duty ;

Take an Emigrant's Farewell.

O ye mountains ! proudly rising

O'er the océan's breast of blue ;

O ye woods and glens enticing,

Never more I'll gaze on you !

O ye Cairns ! that, rude and hoary,

Mark where Heroes fought and fell ;

O ye fields of deathless glory ;

Each and all—a last Farewell.

Though, amidst Columbia's grandeur,

Far from all that's dear, I roam ;

Still to thee shall fancy wander,

O my lov'd, my native home !

Still, by distance more endeared,

On thy charms I'll often dwell ;

Oft pronounce thy name revered ;

And, in sorrow, sigh—Farewell.

THE CAPTIVE.



He stood amidst the fetter'd band,
With stern and haughty air :
A Monarch in his native land,
He seem'd a Monarch there ;
From him there burst no childish sigh,
No tear-drop dimm'd his eagle eye ;
Though round him, rose the anguish'd cry
Of deep and wild despair.

He cast on all a glance of scorn,
Showing he was more nobly born ;
And what his soul would dare,
If freed his hand to grasp the spear,
And hosts of foemen hovering near.

He thought upon his native isle,
Far, far, beyond the sea ;

He thought upon his Moona's smile,

Who lov'd him tenderly ;

He thought upon the hearts so true,

His gentle sway around him drew,

Within his palace of Bamboo,

Beneath the Cocoa Tree :

And, if a pang his bosom shook,

He show'd it not by word or look ;

But stood in majesty ;

Scorning to let the Christian know

That chains could bring his spirit low.

They gaz'd upon his giant frame,

And mark'd each swarthy limb,

And shrunk before his glance of flame,

Which sorrow could not dim.

He soon was purchas'd from the stock,

And then these accents from him broke,

“ Not long my neck shall bear the yoke ;”

'Twas all that burst from him.

Proudly he shook his iron chain,
 And gaz'd anew, in mute disdain,
 With aspect fierce, and grim ;
 Showing his spirit still was free,
 Though bound his hands in Slavery.

They gave him food—he took the trash,
 And dash'd it on the ground :
 Above his head they whirl'd the lash,
 And gave him many a wound ;
 But all their stripes he firmly bore,
 Till gush'd the blood from every pore,
 And then upon the lone sea shore,
 He sunk, and freedom found ;
 For now he's in the land of souls ;
 And o'er his grave the ocean rolls,
 With sad and dirge-like sound ;
 But it cannot wash away the shame—
 The guilt that blots the Christian name.

KELVIN'S BOWERS.



The morning shed her sweetest smiles
On Kelvin's bowers, serenely blooming ;
And nature spread her loveliest wiles,
Her balmy sighs the air perfuming ;

Through heaven's eternal vault of blue,
The warblers' melting strains ascended
And, as from spray to spray they flew,
A rapture with devotion blended ;

The flowers were clad in liquid gems
Of nature's own belov'd adorning,
And bloom'd, fair flaunting diadems,
Beneath the purple eye of morning ;

Mirror'd in Kelvin's crystal stream,
Aurora's golden rays were glancing ;

And all, a paradise did seem,
 With bloom, and balm, and smiles, entrancing.
 But soon, alas ! the cruel storm
 O'er that lov'd scene was darkly swelling ;
 Destroying each belov'd charm,
 And all their fragrant sweets dispelling.

The trees, and flowers, were stripp'd and torn ;
 The landscape lost each darling feature,
 And lay, before another morn,
 The blench'd and mournful wreck of nature :

'Tis thus, in life's unclouded morn
 While golden prospects rise before us,
 On Hope's delusive wings we're born,
 Nor dream of tempests gathering o'er us ;

But stern misfortune's hour will come,
 Our fancy-pictur'd bliss undoing :
 Twill strike our song of gladness dumb,
 And leave us mourning o'er our ruin.

THE BATTLE FIELD.



The day star of manhood, in fancy was beaming,
And glory and honour still beckon'd me on ;
The trumpets were sounding ; the banners were streaming ;
Sweet music was swelling ; arms brightly were gleaming ;
While, fix'd to the spot, like a person when dreaming,
I gaz'd with delight, till the pageant was gone.

I flew to the field where the cannons were pealing,
And drown'd in their thunders the warrior's groan :
A sulphurous shroud in its folds was concealing
The young and the brave, who, with bosoms unfeeling,
The blood-spilling fury of hell-hounds revealing,
To death and destruction rush'd recklessly on.

ot

Ah ! Thousands lay low, with their life's blood congealing,
As darkly it ooz'd from their deep purple wounds ;
The cold hand of Death o'er their features was stealing ;
Dark, dark were their eyes, and their senses were reeling ;

No angel of hope o'er their bodies was kneeling,
 To cheer their sad souls on eternity's bounds.

So, I had forsaken my dear native dwelling
 The phantoms of glory and fame to pursue ;
 To stalk where the tempest of battle was swelling ;
 Where every loud peal a death warrant was knelling ;
 And the victims of honour and glory were yelling
 And groaning to life an eternal adieu !

I sicken'd—and turn'd from the banquet of glory
 To sigh for my home in the valley again.
 Sweet vale, though thy name is not blazon'd in story,
 Dear, dear, to my soul, are thy rude cliffs so hoary,
 And wild woods, untrod by war's footsteps so gory,
 Whose voice never broke on thy peaceful domain.

Dear home of my youth, since again I am near thee,
 Retir'd from the dangers and toils of the field ;
 The sweet simple songs of my boyhood will cheer thee ;
 No wile from thy bosom of beauty shall tear me ;
 But, till the last ebbing of life, I'll revere thee :
 Sweet home, to the balm of my slumbers I yield.

TO SCOTLAND.



From the banks of the Clyde, amid sorrow and danger,
Scotland, behold thy Redeemer appear :

Oh ! who would not rank with the godlike avenger ;
And grasp, for redemption, the bow and the spear !

Flock to his standard, ye sons of the valley,
The thistle ne'er grew in the land of the slave :

Ye sons of the mountains, for liberty rally ;
Oh ! the blue heather blossoms alone for the brave !

Let the red beacons blaze on the tops of your mountains,
And flash through the death gloom of sorrow and chains :
No longer shall liberty weep by the fountains,
Your tyrants have ting'd with the blood of your veins.

Behold ! she approaches ! her eyes brightly beaming,
With energy wild, on the war tempest borne ;

And banners are waving, and claymores are gleaming,
Around her array'd, in the blaze of the morn !

Her brave Caledonians are ranked and steady,
Embattl'd before her, in vengeful array,
Lo ! onward they're moving, determin'd, and ready
To conquer or die in the terrible fray.

March on ! ye brave heroes, your leader, your Wallace,
Shall scatter your foemen, like drift on the lea !
And again from your mountains, your rocks, and your
valleys,
Shall burst the glad chorus,—“ Fair Scotland is free.”

WHERE IS THE WARRIOR NOW?



Where is the warrior now,
Who bravely fought for glory ?
Clos'd is his martial story,
And see ! upon his brow,
The dews of evening coldly fall ;
And vultures hold their carnival
Around his form, all gory.

Where's now the dauntless heart,
Full of chivalric feelings,
Of glory's bright revealings,
And of honour's self, a part ?
The gaunt wolf laps its precious streams ;
The eagle o'er it wildly screams,
Instead of music's pealings.

Where's now the arm of might,
 The deathful lance that wielded—
 Dishonour'd—has it yielded
 To one more brave in fight ?
 Perish the thought. It bore in view
 Its flaming brand of crimson hue,
 Till death itself congeal'd it.

Where's now the eagle glance
 That saw the onset lowering,
 Squadron on squadron pouring
 Around, with sword and lance,
 And brighten'd up at danger's front,
 As if, within the battle's brunt,
 It witness'd victory towering ?

Those eyes will glance no more ;
 A crimson torrent quench'd them ;
 The cannons' lightnings blench'd them ;
 And dash'd the pride they wore.
 Let glory bring her laurels now,
 And bind them round her hero's brow :
 Her hero's blood will drench them.

TO GREECE.



Awake thee, Oh Greece! Strike thy lyre's magic numbers,
Till slavery shrinks at the sound, and expires!
Till freedom awakes from the grave of her slumbers,
And lights in each bosom her heavenly fires!
Awake! Let thy banner be proudly unfurl'd,
And stream on the breeze, to the gaze of the world,
Till the Ottoman despot to ruin be hurl'd,
And thy name be enroll'd in the list of the free.

Thy valour, has Salimis ceas'd to awaken?
Are Marathon's heroes from memory eras'd?
Thermopylæ's glory has tyranny shaken?
Or, alas! are the sons of thy heroes debas'd?
Ah! Salimis still proudly looks on the ocean;
Marathon's field still thou view'st with emotion;

And Thermopylæ still warms each heart with devotion,
Thine Isles from the grasp of the tyrant to free.

The feuds of thy chiefs are thy bane, and thy ruin ;
Divided, they rivet the faster thy chains ;
Each enviously seeking another's undoing ;
Till what thou hast won, thine oppressor regains.
Accurs'd be such conduct ; abhorr'd be such madness ;
Thus, veiling with faction thy day-spring of gladness ;
And plunging for ever in sorrow and sadness
The glory of ages—" The gems of the sea."

Long had the strings of thy sweet lute been broken,
Till Byron its tones immortality gave,
He lov'd thee, and left thee his heart for a token ;
It cannot repose in the land of the slave :
Oh ! then, let thy banner be proudly unfurl'd,
And stream on the breeze, to the gaze of the world ;
Let the sword of thy wrath at the tyrant be hurl'd,
Till thy name be emblaz'd with the brave and the free !

ON A SUN FLOWER.



Alas! sweet floweret! sae forlorn!

Thy bonny gowden tap is torn:

And traml'd in the mire wi' scorn,

Fu' low thou liest:

Thou'lt never see anither morn,

In glory rise.

Nae mair thou'lt greet the kindly ray

That kiss'd thee at the break o' day;

Nae mair thy flauntin' form sae gay

Will please the e'e;

Nor wi' the wanton Zephyr play

Sae bonnily.

Nae mair, the simmer evening through,

Ye'll hang your head and drink the dew;

And deck wi' pearls your bonny brow,
As thee beseems ;
And, like a bashfu' lover, woo
The pale moon beams.

Oh ! a' thy saft delights are gane ;
And bloomless, leafless, and alane,
Thou'rt crush'd beneath a causey stane ;
Dishonour'd tomb :
Alas ! it gi'es my bosom pain
To mark thy doom.

LAMENT FOR THE FORGOTTEN BRAVE !

TUNE—" *Maid of Arrochar.*"

The dark purple heather hath lost its perfume,
 And mournfully sighs o'er the tombs of the brave :
 For cruel ingratitude heightens the gloom
 That shrouds, in oblivion, each warrior's grave.

Thou Thistle of Scotia, why pale and dejected ?
 Oh ! where are the laurels, once bright with thy blooms ?
 In their cold bloody graves lie thy heroes neglected ;
 Nor is there a tear to besprinkle their tombs.

Shame ! shame to thee, Scotia ! thou land of the brave :
 Thy mighty have fallen in battle who shone :
 But alas ! they repose like the coward and slave ;
 For the spot where they fell is unmark'd with a stone.

Sleep on, ye brave heroes ! such columns would perish :
 They are but the emblems of mortal decay :
 Your actions immortal our fathers did cherish ;
 And should we forget them, woe ! woe ! to the day !

SONG.



Aften I lea' my sad pillow,
When sleep has forsaken my een,
To gaze on the moon lighted billow,
That pictures the sky's siller sheen ;
Then, fancy's bright dreams intervene.

For then, the dear youth of my loving,
Comes o'er the wide waters o' blue ;
I see him relinquish his roving
To rest on my bosom sae true ;
The transports of love to renew.

Short liv'd, alas ! is sic dreaming ;
I watch for his vessel in vain ;
I hear, but the wild sea birds screaming ;
I see, but the foam of the main ;
And seek my sad pillow again.

LAMENT FOR ISABEL.

TUNE—" *The Harper of Mull.*"

Oh ! why should the glance of a bonny black e'e,
 Or the smile of a woman, gi'e sorrow to me ?
 Or the ravishing music she flings on my ear,
 Be the cause of a sigh, or the fount of a tear ?

'Tis the thoughts of my Isa that rush through my breast;
 'Tis the image of Isa, although she's at rest :
 She reigns in my bosom, wherever I be :
 So the presence of beauty nae pleasure can gi'e.

Far sweeter than rosebuds, when spangled with dew,
 Were the lips of my love ; and as lovely she grew :
 And fair, as the lily that blooms on the lea,
 Was her bosom, that throb'd with affection for me.

But could is the sod now that covers her clay ;
 And the voice of her gladness is silent for aye :
 Clos'd is the glance of her bonny, black e'e ;
 And perish'd the form, ance sae lovely to see.

SONG.



Lassie, when the flowers o' simmer

Bloom on yonder plain,

And the Moon is sweetly shining,

I will come again :

I will come again, my lassie,

At the evenin's hour :

And oh ! our trystin' place, again

Shall be my Anna's bower.

Though across the stormy ocean,

Love, I boldly flee ;

Still, wi' trembling fond emotion,

Love, I'll think on thee :

I will think on thee, my love,

On India's thirsty plain ;

And soon we'll meet wi' raptures at

Our trystin' place again.

SONG—THE ROSE BUD.



I saw a sweet rose bud, sae red, and sae bonnie,
 Conceal'd in the shade of a leaf woven bower :
 I saw it, and sigh'd ; for I thocht upon Jenny,
 Wha budded as sweetly in infancy's hour.

Again I beheld it, in blooming perfection ;
 Its red balmy bosom a' sparklin' wi' dew ;
 And the sight o't awaken'd the mournfu' reflections,
 That Jenny ance bloom'd in such loveliness too.

The neist time, I saw it a' wither'd, and lyin'
 Amang the rank leaves that around it were strown ;
 And o'er it the sad breath of Autumn was sighin'
 As if mournin' the fate that had nipp'd it so soon.

I look'd on't, and sabb'd—'twas sae like my ain lassie,
 Wha budded and blossom'd ; then sunk to the tomb :
 And it hied me awa' to the grave o' my Jessie,
 To weep o'er the stroke that had blighted her bloom.

S O N G.

TUNE—" *Roy's Wife.*"

Fare thee well, deceitful lover ;
 Fare thee well, deceitful lover :
 Although my heart will break to part
 Yet go, thou false and fickle rover.

We met, we gaz'd, we lov'd, yet thou
 From one so fond and true dost sever :
 Ah ! think'st thou not, thy broken vow
 Will chase thy bosom's peace for ever !
 Fare thee well, &c.

Ah ! perjur'd, faithless, though thou art,
 For thee those burning tear drops trickle :
 Oh ! hadst thou known this breaking heart,
 Thine own would ne'er have prov'd so fickle.
 Fare thee well, &c.

TO THE MORNING STAR.



Hail ! thou lovely star that linger'st
High o'er Tinto's misty hill,
Unto thee, my willing fingers,
Wake my harp's sweet bosom thrill.

High in yon blue vault careering ;
Welcome—harbinger of morn :
Fading now, and now appearing,
On thy silver radiance borne.

See ! the mountain lark is springing
Up to meet thy trembling ray :
As he soars, melodious singing
Unto thee his magic lay.

Beauteous orb ! upon thy brightness

May no gloomy cloud attend,

Till thy soft and fairy lightness

And the sun's effulgence blend.

Oh ! when all my cares are over,

Let the blooming heather wave,

And thyself, sweet planet, hover,

O'er the bard's neglected grave.

A N N A.



By Clutha's glassy wave, I saw
Her beauteous form of matchless mould ;
And, from a distance, gaz'd with awe ;
For scarcely dar'd I be so bold
As tread the flower enamel'd green
Where once her fairy foot had been.

I saw her bosom, white as snow,
By raven tresses half conceal'd :
And, when, from off her marble brow
The breeze had blown its silken shield,
The hazel eye that beam'd from thence
Spoke maddening, matchless, eloquence.

Again I saw her, and we stray'd
Together, through the balmy grove ;

I with her glossy ringlet's play'd,
And heard her, blushing, talk of love,
In whispers, sweet and ravishing,
As music breath'd by Eolian string.

But oh ! those blissful hours are pass'd,
And never, never shall return :
Such moments were not form'd to last ;
And now, I weep o'er Anna's urn ;
Or wander, wretched, through the grove,
Where first we vow'd eternal love.

T O I S A.



Till beauty touches the chords of feeling,
Like fairy fingers o'er harp strings stealing,
Mute are the transports of song :
But, oh ! when it sweetly falls on the bosom,
Like moon-beams soft on a dewy blossom,
Burst its enchantments along.

Show me, Isa, thy smiles entrancing,
Thy rosy cheeks, and blue eyes glancing ;
These are the temples of song :
Pour in my ear thy love notes thrilling ;
Soul and sense with their magic filling :
Then,—then is the time for song.

Come, where the summer bowers are wreathing
Their loveliest flowers, sweet fragrance breathing ;
And, roving their sweets among,
While evening veils thy cheek's suffusion,
I will whisper my soul's effusion,
And woo thee, my love, with song.

S O N G.



Oh ! lovely thou art, as the rose on its brier,
Bright, as a star in the blue summer sky ;
Pure, as the drops of the morning so clear ;
Gentle and soft, as the night zephyr's sigh.

Enchanting thy voice, as the lyre's seraph tone,
When lightly 'tis touch'd in the spirit of sorrow,
Recalling those visions of bliss that are gone,
Yet, were fraught with a sun-beam of hope for to-morrow.

Oh ! ne'er may deceitfulness cause thee to sigh ;
Nor the canker of sorrow thy beauty consume :
Be thy bosom as light as the glance of thine eye ;
And thy life, like a flower that is ever in bloom.

But, oh ! should thy morning of life be o'ercast
With the mildew of care, or the dark clouds of sorrow,
Be thy memory embalm'd with the flowers of the past ;
And thy spirit enshrin'd in the hopes of to-morrow.

SONG.



Oh ! bring a flowing bumper here
 To heal my passions' maddening play ;
 And let not pity shed a tear
 For her who held my heart in sway.
 What, though her looks were bright as day,
 And sweet as morning's virgin smiles !
 To all the pangs of love a prey
 I fell, a victim to her wiles.

Ah ! fond Remembrance !—Do ; be calm !
 And thou, Regret !—Be silent, still !
 Oh ! poison not oblivion's balm,
 Nor call to mind such deadly ill !
 'Tis but the work of woman's will,
 And, therefore, scarcely worth a sigh :
 Her beauty made my bosom thrill,
 Her falsehood caus'd that thrill to die.

TO GREECE.



Oh ! who would be a slave,
And drag a tyrant's chain ;
While there's freedom in the grave,
Or a laurel for the brave
Who tear it in twain !

The triumphs of your sires
Are surely not forgot ?
Oh, no ! their fame inspires,
And every bosom fires,
To share their glorious lot.

Fly boldly to your arms,
Ye sons of Marathon !
Regard not war's alarms ;
But let freedom's peerless charms
Ever animate you on.

Let cowards bend the knee,
And kiss the tyrant's rod :
But let the brave be free ;
And their holy watch-word be—
“ Our Country and our God.”

ON MUSIC.

The last thrill of music that dies on the ear
Is the sweetest and dearest : it reaches the soul
Like the tone of affection we linger to hear,
And raises emotions we cannot control.
The soul may be struck with the grandeur of song,
The sense may be ravish'd, the bosom may glow ;
But 'tis sweetest by far, when it warbles along
In the heart melting spirit of sorrow and woe.

THE MINSTREL.



It was a waefu' winter night,
As ever the gray hair'd minstrel saw,
An' toilin' alane through the langsome muir,
He tint his gate 'mang the deep, deep snaw.

Nae bonny wee starn, wi' its gowden e'e,
The weary gray hair'd minstrel saw,
To scatter its light through the mirky night,
And guide him on to a frien'ly ha'.

At length worn out wi' strugglin' lang,
A fearfu' look to the heavens he cast—
He thocht on his wife an' his toddlin' bairns ;
And yielded himsel' to the raging blast.

“ And my harp,” he said, “ shall sound my dirge,

An’ tell its master’s woefu’ tale :”

And shiverin’ he struck the mournfu’ strings,

And sent the wild notes on the gale.

Nae mortal ear its wailin’s heard ;

But the howlet screech’d frae its rotten wa’ ;

The tod sent up a fearfu’ howl ;

An’ the black raven croak’d aboon them a’.

Soon, soon, the auld harper’s bluid congeal’d ;

His limbs grew stiff and stark, in death :

An’ far awa’ frae his ain hearth-stane,

His windin’ sheet was a deep snaw wreath.

An’ aye as the tempest wilder blew,

It waken’d his harp’s wild notes again :

But it wasna the minstrel’s han’ that struck ;

An’ oh ! ’twas a mournfu’ dirge-like strain.

SONG.

TUNE—" *The Young May Moon.*"

The moon has forsaken her car to-night ;
 And hid is my favourite star to-night ;
 And lonely I roam
 Without shelter or home,
 Though wildly the elements jar to-night.

Gently I tapp'd at Matilda's bower ;
 But the warder heard from his watching tower ;
 And call'd to retire,
 Nor provoke him to fire,
 By wandering there at the midnight hour.

Oh ! is not the mind of my love the same,
 That I cannot discover the signal flame,
 Which would scatter its light
 Through the gloom of the night,
 When to flee with her lover she left her hame ?

She comes ! for, see ! where it brightly beams !
Like a heavenly star of delight it seems !

And now, in my arms
I encircle the charms
Of the maid of my love, and my fondest dreams!

Round the neck of the youth she a moment hung ;
Her emotions betray'd by her faltering tongue ;
Till they saw, by the light,
They had notic'd her flight,
And the bell from the tower the alarm had rung.

He plac'd her behind on his noble steed,
And spurr'd him on to his utmost speed ;
And ere morning broke out
They were safe from pursuit ;
Afar to the north of the silver Tweed.

LOCHANDHU.



He rose, and left his mountain home to meet his country's
foe ;

For honour call'd him, and he went to lay the invader low:
He left his young and blooming bride her absent lord to
mourn,

And "Fare-thee-well, my love," he cried, "ere long I
shall return."

Around his neck the maiden hung, and dropp'd the
pearly tear,

And wildly to his bosom clung, as though the foe were
near—

"Oh ! much my heart forbodes, my love, thou'lt ne'er
return again :

For thou wert always first to prove thy sword on battle
plain."

She tore the kerchief from her breast, and left it heaving
bare,

And, in a true-love knot, she dress'd its broider'd beauties
there :

“ And take thou this, my bosom's lord ; it is a token
true

Of changeless vow, and plighted word to thee, my
Lochandhu.

He mounted on his proud war steed, and gallant was his
train ;

He clear'd the highland hills, with speed ; and dash'd
upon the plain ;

His corslet flash'd upon his breast, like glory's guiding
star ;

And, like the ocean's foam, his crest wav'd o'er the ranks
of war.

Oh ! fierce and bloody was the fight, as ancient legends tell,
For many a brave and noble knight in gory combat fell :
Their falchions in the sun-beams flash'd like meteors bright
and clear,

As full on helmed heads they dash'd, in furious, wild, career.

Thrice was the bloody fight renew'd by gallant Lochandhu;
 Their swords were drunk with foemen's blood, and flash'd
 a crimson hue ;
 And glorious victory smil'd at length. They burst their
 galling chain,
 And tramp'd on the invaders strength—but Lochandhu
 was slain.

They found his body on the plain ; 'twas gash'd with
 many a wound :
 And there were heaps of foemen slain his bloody form around.
 The warriors wept upon the bier of Lochandhu the brave ;
 And Glory dropp'd her brightest tear upon the hero's
 grave.

And none could charm his blooming bride, who wept in
 highland bower ;
 She laid her bridal robes aside, and, drooping like a flower,
 “ Death shall not break the band,” she cried, “ of love
 like mine, so true :”
 And soon they laid her by the side of her own Lochandhu.

SONG.

TUNE—" *When Nicholas first to court began.*"



Oh ! sweet's the voice of those we love ;

And sweet is beauty's smile ;

When eyes, that glance like stars above,

Enchant our souls, the while,

In odour-breathing bowers,

To cull life's sweetest flowers !

And oh ! to hear the voice we love !

And bask in beauty's smile !

Trancing the sight, wrapp'd in delight,

Culling affection's choicest flowers !

Come ! my own love ! the moon is bright,

And glows the evening star ;

We'll roam awhile beneath their light ;

Where none our vows shall mar :

Clasp'd in each other's arms,

I'll gaze upon thy charms ;

While Cynthia sheds her silver light

And glows the evening star :

Stealing a kiss,

Dreaming of bliss,

Fondly I'll clasp thine angel charms.

SONG.

TUNE—"The Young May Moon."



Thy e'en maun be o' blue, my love ;

Like violets steep'd in dew, my love :

Thy cheek maun contain, the rose's stain ;

Thy lip the coral hue, my love.

With hair as black's the crow, my dear,

And neck as white's the snaw, my dear,

Thy shape sae clean, like beauty's queen,

Proportion's charms maun shaw, my dear.

A magic, melting, smile, my love,

A winning, artless, wile, my love,

Still brightening o'er the face I adore,

Maun charm my soul, the while, my love.

And even as angel pure, my dear,

Thy breast maun be the bower, my dear,

Where a' my woes I may repose,

And laugh at misfortune's hour, my dear.

LINES WRITTEN ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.



'Tis gone ! another year has pass'd
 Away before us, like a dream !
For ever gone ! beyond our grasp !
 A gift which worlds could not redeem !

How mournfully upon the ear
 The solemn tones of midnight fell,
As, ushering in the infant year,
 They rung the last one's funeral knell !

They spoke in tones of awe sublime,
 Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Swept by the mighty wings of time,
 Beyond this gloomy vale of tears ;

They spoke of fair and lovely forms
 Beneath the grassy sod who sleep ;
 Lull'd by the wild December storms,
 That rudely o'er their ashes sweep.

They spoke of those who mouldering lie
 Beyond the reach of love to kiss ;
 They spoke of many a broken tie ;
 And many a dream of perish'd bliss.

Our best affections have been torn ;
 Our holiest feelings warp'd and wrung;
 And Sorrow's gloomy garb forlorn
 Has often o'er our hearts been flung.

But send the flowing goblet round !
 Shall thoughts like these disturb us now ?
 When Hope, with laughing Pleasure crown'd,
 Imparts a brighter, happier glow ?

Send round the glass. The mist of years
 Shall fly before its magic beam ;

And eyes, grown dim with Sorrow's tears,
With Hope's celestial dawnings gleam.

Let every heart forget its woe ;

Let every brow be smooth and clear ;

And let the sparkling goblet flow,

To hail with joy the infant year.

SONG.



Adieu ! my lovely Mary, dear,
My bark is nigh, and we must sever ;
But dash away that trembling tear ;
For, though we part, 'tis not for ever :

Oh, no ! not for ever :

My heart would break to say, " For ever."

The stormy main

I'll cross again ;

Then Fate, my love, shall part us never.

When sailing o'er the trackless sea,
In calm, or storm, thy love will cheer me ;
And I will ever fancy thee
My guardian angel hovering near me ;

Oh, yes ! near me, near me :

Come weal, come woe, the thought will cheer me :

Though far I roam

From thee and home,

In fancy thou wilt still be near me.

SONG—WILL YE GO TO THE WOOD?



Will ye go to the wood to-night, love?

Where scented hawthorns bonnily bloom?

And the moon shall lend us her light, love,

To cull the flowers of sweetest perfume.

And amang your bonny, black, curls, love,

I'll wreathe the blossoms ye lo'e sae dear;

For sparklin' a' wi' their pearls, love,

They're the brightest jewels a woman can wear.

“ Oh ! yes, I will go to the wild-wood wi' you ;

When the moon lights her lamp in the heavens sae blue,

And the sweetest o' blossoms, a' cover'd wi' dew,

In a garland together we'll twine.”

If there's bliss to be found in the world, love,

'Tis roving at night through the grove alane ;

When ilka flower is impearl'd, love ;

And the mavis sings his enchanting strain.

Oh ! then for the maddening thrill, love,

That touches the heart, and illumines the eye ;

While pledging our vows by the rill, love,

Our temple, the grove ; and our witness, the sky.

'Tis rapture indeed, in the wild wood sae green,

While the moon throws a charm o'er the landscapeserene,

By a' but the bright, starry, heavens unseen,

The transports of love to renew.

HILL RIG JEAN.



As braw a lass was Hill Rig Jean

As e'er was seen at kirk or fair ;

Like lowin' can'les were her e'en ;

Like fiery flax, her flowin' hair.

Her fernitickl'd cheeks sae thin,

Ye might ha'e seen the day-light through ;

And like a thistle grew her chin,

Frae kissin', keepin' safe her mou'.

The fient a nose she had ava' ;

Twa snuffy holes alane were seen :

And for a waist, sae lang and sma',

No ane could match wi' Hill Rig Jean.

Her teeth, as any slae, were black ;

Dear, boon, companions o' a tongue,
In lofty, treble, key that spak,
Till barn an' byre in chorus rung.

But oh ! the charm, the dearest charm,
That made Jock Tamson's heart sae fain,
Was a fair, free, weel plenish'd farm,
And routh o' guineas, a' her ain.

So, Johnnie prais'd her heavenly e'e,
Her spreckl'd cheeks, and crooked mou',
And nose, that kept, through modesty,
Frae trespassin' upon his view.

The lassie's heart was form'd to love ;
Nae langer could she lie her lane ;
And soon her han's, in haly ban's,
Made a' her gowd Jock Tamson's ain.

SONG.

TUNE—" *March to the Battle Field.*"

Saw ye my Highland maid ?

She's lovely as the morning :

Roams she through the green glade ;

Its flowery haunts adorning ?

Sweet is her hazel eye,

With love and honour beaming ;

Auburn are her ringlets,

Around her bosom streaming ;

Her voice, so clear, falls on the ear,

Like music from the wild-wood ;

Her looks are bright, as skies of light,

And innocent, as childhood.

O saw ye my Highland maid ?
She's lovely as the morning :
Roams she through the green glade ;
Its flowery haunts adorning ?

I met your Highland maid
Beside the streamlet straying :
Sweet was her modest face,
A thousand charms displaying.

Her dimpling smiles, and artless wiles
Were fraught with sunny gladness ;
And her sweet words, like music's chords,
My bosom thrill'd to madness.

Oh ! 'Twas my Highland maid !
She's lovely as the morning !
I'll find her in the green glade,
Its flowery haunts adorning.

S O N G.



Sweet is the lily on its stalk ;
And sweet's the rose upon its thorn ;
Sweetly the daisy decks the walk ;
Sweetly the blue bells greet the morn ;
But sweeter far is Jeanie's love ;
Mair sweet the glance o' Jeanie's e'e ;
When, wanderin' through the summer grove,
She flings its fervid beams on me.

Oh ! sweet's the mavis in the bush ;
And sweet's the black-bird on the tree ;
Sweetly the lavrock, and the thrush
Exalt to heaven their melody ;
But sweeter far are Jeanie's words,
Mair sweet the sound o' Jeanie's tongue,
Than a' the sangs o' bonny birds
That e'er in wild-wood green were rung.

What, though nae strings o' gaudy pearls

Adorn her neck wi' tinsel glare !

Far dearer are the raven curls

That veil its virgin snaws sae fair.

Let fortune shed her golden showers

On them wha for sic favours pine ;

But, oh ! give me my only love,

And a' the warld's delights are mine.

SONG.

TUNE—" *The Braes Aboon Bonau.*"

CHORUS.

Dinna gang, my bonny lassie ;

Dinna gang, my braw lassie :

O stay a while, an' deign to smile

On ane whase heart ye've a', lassie.

O dinna turn thy face ajee ;

Wi' a' its matchless charms, lassie ;

An' dinna hide thy hazel e'e

Frae ane whase heart it warms, lassie,

Dinna gang, &c.

Thy raven tresses gracefu' hing

Around thy neck o' snaw, lassie :

Thy beauty's sae bewildering,

It's stoun my heart awa', lassie.

So dinna gang, &c.

Thou may'st ha'e wooers, gaudy, braw,
 To win thy smile wha try, lassie ;
 But ne'er a ane amang them a'
 Sae true, sae fond, as me, lassie.
 So dinna gang, &c.

O let me hear thy voice again ;
 And say thou wilt be mine, lassie ;
 Thou would'st not gi'e the bosom pain
 That lo'es the peace o' thine, lassie.
 So dinna gang, &c.

Wi' a' her charms, she's in his arms,
 An's vow'd to be his ain lassie ;
 An' wrapp'd is he in ecstasy
 To clasp the fond, the fain, lassie.

CHORUS.

Now she is his bonny lassie ;
 Now she is his braw lassie :
 He sings nae mair, wi' breast o' care,
 " O dinna gang awa, lassie."

MORNING IN THE HIGHLANDS.



The morning's eye, from its purple lashes,
Flings on the mountain its gladdening rays ;
And the lake, like a mighty mirror, flashes
Back from its bosom the glorious blaze.

The deer, from his den in the wild-wood bounding,
Shakes from his dun side the evening dew ;
And the rocks, with the huntsman's horn resounding,
Start into life and gladness too.

The eagle, in airy circles wheeling,
Floats like a cloud in the dark blue sky ;
And the songs of birds, on the rapt ear stealing,
Awaken emotions of love and joy.

The mountain stream, o'er the deep linn foaming,
Comes on the ear with a deafening roar ;
And, away through the lonely wild-wood roaming,
Falls in the lake, and is heard no more.

The joyous bark, o'er the waves careering,
With snow white sails doth the breezes woo ;
Though away to a distant country steering,
Merry are the songs of the jovial crew.

Then, arise my love ! let us up, and wander
Over the hill, through the tall pine grove ;
And, surrounded by nature's wildest grandeur,
We'll taste the raptures of life and love.

SONG—THE TIDE IS UP.



The tide is up ; our anchor's weigh'd ;
 The silken streamers are display'd ;
 And, o'er the bosom of the deep,
 With sails unfurl'd, we boldly sweep.
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

The stormy swell of Biscay Bay !
 Charybdis ! Scilly ! What are they ?
 Though tempests roar, and whirlpools boil ;
 At danger's front we only smile !
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

Thus, bound for a far distant shore,
 We leave the land we all adore ;
 But those who there our absence mourn
 Shall welcome soon our safe return !
 Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !

S O N G.



See ! the ruby wine is gleaming ;
Every glass with pleasure streaming—
Every heart let gladness lighten ;
Every eye let rapture brighten ;
 Drink, friends, drink ;
For pleasures swim at the glass's brim,
 And make dull care sink.

Who would think on Winter's glooming,
While bright Summer's sweetly blooming !
Who would brood o'er care and sorrow,
When such rapture he can borrow !
 Drink, friends, drink :
Rich pleasures swim at the glass's brim,
 And make dull care sink.

Life is like a flowing river ;
Take a draught o't, now or never :
Who would wear a face of sadness,
While he quaffs the cup of gladness !

Drink, friends, drink :
For pleasures swim at the glass's brim,
And make dull care sink.

REST, WARRIOR.



Oh ! rest, warrior, rest, on the field of the slain ;
For to-morrow the combat shall call thee again :
The dew, from thy brow, the death flashes shall dry ;
And light up with fury thy slumber-seal'd eye :
The cannons' loud thunder and clashing of steel
Shall rouse thee to madness and cause thee to reel ;
And thousands, alas ! of the young and the brave,
In rushing to glory, shall rush to the grave :
So, rest as thou art, on the field of the slain ;
For soon shall the loud trumpet rouse thee again.

And calmly he rests 'mid the dying and dead,
His roof is the night cloud, the earth is his bed :
And the fading watch-fire throws a flickering glare
O'er the rude, dreary, landscape of death and despair

Where the shrieks of the wounded, a gasp, or a groan,
Or the sentinel's tread, break the silence alone.

His repose shall be broke by the dawning of day,
And the dreams of his slumbers shall vanish away ;
Yet calmly he rests mid the dying and dead,
Though the night cloud alone is a roof for his head.

Oh ! yet, warrior rest : thy bless'd spirit shall roam,
Once more, in a dream, and revisit thy home ;
The friends of thy bosom shall welcome thee fain ;
Every sense shall be ravish'd to clasp them again—
Away ! fleeting vision ! thy raptures are o'er !
The home of his sires he shall visit no more !
To-morrow, the foeman shall seal up his breath ;
His voice shall be hush'd in the silence of death :
The cold, bloody turf shall be laid on his breast ;
And the last volley fir'd o'er the place of his rest.

JESSIE'S GRAVE.



O mark yon night cloud's sable wings,
 Low hovering o'er the silver wave !
And see yon star ! that sweetly flings
 Its lustre o'er my Jessie's grave !

And, hark ! from yonder towering tree
 The black-bird breathes his richest strain—
Her voice was sweeter melody ;
 But, ah ! it ne'er shall sound again !

The dew drops, sweetly sparkling, deck
 The turf that wraps my Jessie's clay ;
And flowers are springing o'er the wreck
 Of beauty, lovelier far than they.

For, oh ! in mouldering ruin, lies
The fairest form I ever knew ;
For ever quench'd her beaming eyes,
Where glanc'd her soul, enthron'd in blue.

But, though she's gone, for ever gone,
Beyond the reach of woe and pain,
And left me lingering here alone ;
I yet shall clasp her form again.

Oh ! hope of an eternal bloom !
Thou art superior to decay :
And, while thou hallowest Jessie's tomb,
No tear of mine shall wet her clay.

REMEMBRANCE.



Once thou didst say, "Remember me ;"
Deeply this heart thy words encas'd ;
Then, oh ! how cruel must thou be,
To wish them from that heart eras'd ;
And bid me think on thee no more,
Whom love has taught me to adore !

Remember thee ! and have I not,
Amidst a thousand hopes and fears !
For, can those moments be forgot
That are engrav'd with smiles and tears ?
No ! vivid still they must remain,
In throbbing breast, and burning brain !

Life's latest pulse shall cease to beat ;
The grave, my bridal couch shall be ;
My wedding robe, the winding sheet ;
Ere I cease to remember thee :
But, since thou wilt be faithless ; go,
And leave me—leave me to my woe.

CRUIKSTONE.



'Mong Cruikstone's shades, when summer smil'd,
I lov'd to roam, when but a child :
From all my young companions, wil'd
By charms to youthful fancy dear.

Now youth's bewitching dream hath pass'd,
And hope hath all but breath'd her last ;
For stern misfortunes gather fast
Around my head, so dark and drear.

Yet still I feel it bliss to stray
Where hawthorn blossoms veil the day,
And listen to the linnet's lay,
Ascending through the heavens so clear.

On Cruickstone's mouldering walls sublime,
The hoary wreck of ancient time,
I gaze, and weave my simple rhyme,
With warlike deeds of other years.

And oft, within its leafy wood,
I seek the deepest solitude,
Unnotic'd o'er my griefs to brood ;
And find relief in bursting tears.

O Cruickstone ! lovely as thou art,
And link'd so closely to my heart ;
Thy memory shall ne'er depart
While sense or feeling doth remain !

Though shivering 'neath the tempest's howl,
While Winter's horrors round thee roll ;
Even then, congenial to my soul,
I'll seek thy leafless haunts again.

SONG—TO POVERTY.



CHORUS.

O Poverty ! stern, luckless, jade !

I wonder when you'll leave me !

Both friend and foe account you bad ;

Why then should you so grieve me.

Your whinging look and hinging jaw

Drive ilka would-be-frien' awa',

Will naething stuff your hungry maw ?

For gudesake gang and leave me !

O Poverty ! &c.

I daurna kiss a bonny lass ;

For weel they like the sound o' brass :

I daurna gang to tak a glass ;

For 'tweel ye never leave me.

O Poverty ! &c.

Whene'er abroad I set my face,
I'm shunn'd and laugh'd at, ilka place :
Ye fiend ! it's you mak's this the case—
Oh ! will ye never leave me !

CHORUS.

O Poverty ! stern, scowlin' jade ;
How weel ye like to grieve me !
Your hatefu' presence dings me mad ;
And yet ye winna leave me.

WALLACE AT BIGGAR MOSS.



At the lone hour of night, when the world was at rest,
 The fate of my country disturbing my breast ;
 I 'rose from the heath, there no longer to toss,
 And ascended the hill that o'erlooks Biggar Moss.

The silver moon was shining
 From a sky serenely blue,
 And the heather bell was glittering
 With the clear mountain dew.

At rest, on a bed of their own native fern,
 Lay my brave Caledonians, unconquerably stern ;
 In the breeze wildly flutter'd the plaids that they wore,
 And the moon beams lightly danc'd on each gleaming
 claymore.

Ah ! mournfully I sigh'd,
 When reflecting, in a day

That those warriors of freedom
Might be cold in the clay.

Soon, the trumpet of death made the welkin to ring :
'Twas the forces of England; with Edward, their King :
They came from the south, with their chains, to enslave ;
And they laugh'd us to scorn, that their might we should
brave :

But I rous'd my little army,
To avenge my country's woe,
And, shouting, " Death or victory,"
We rush'd on the foe.

Like a whirlwind, that sweeps in its wrath o'er the plain,
Resistlessly we charged them, again and again :
Till the flower of their warriors lay stiff on the lea ;
And our thistle proudly wav'd above the heads of the free.

Thus, O ye Caledonians,
To yourselves be leal and true ;
And your noble independence
No foe shall e'er subdue

COMIC SONG.



Och ! wasn't myself that was bodder'd with Kitty
The prettiest wench that was in all Coleraine !
And was it her looks, or the curs'd aquavita
Bamboozl'd the senses of Darby O'Shane ?
It was a sad pother for Darby O'Shane.

She laugh'd in my face, seem'd so kind and so tender,
I thought by Shaint Patrick long courtship in vain :
But, alas ! I committed a piece of a blunder ;
For she only was blarneying poor Darby O'Shane :
And she laugh'd in her sleeve at poor Darby O'Shane.

I cried, " My dear Kitty, you can't be so cruel
As leave me the loss of my heart to complain ?"

She laugh'd yet the more ! so I thought the dear jewel
Would soon bless the cabin of Darby O'Shane,
But wrong was the notion of Darby O'Shane.

I tould priest O'Grady to hould himself ready
To tie lovely Kitty to Darby O'Shane :
When I found that the crater was married to Pater,
The larned sow doctor of sweet Coleraine :
And now, how they laugh at Poor Darby O'Shane

SONG.



O say na, my love, that my tryst I ha'e broken
 For lang did I wait by the auld hawthorn tree :
 I rather believe ye your Jamie was mockin',
 To send him awa like a gowk o'er the lea.
 The sun gaed down to his bed i' the ocean ;
 And thick and quick the black night came on :
 But still, thy will wi' a lover's devotion
 I bided though fearfully each tree did groan.

Oh ! had ye but kent how the heart o' thy Jamie,
 Bewailin' thy absence, wi' sorrow was wrung,
 Ye had flown on the wings o' affection to free him
 Frae something like jealousy round him that hung.
 Half craz'd—I gaz'd on the stormy commotion,
 Sae mirk, sae dark, that was gatherin' abeigh ;

But still—thy will wi' a lover's devotion
 I bided—an scorn'd frae the trystin' to flee.

“ Atweel an' I just made a gowk o' ye, Jamie :
 Ye ken how ye us'd me last Tizeday at e'en,
 Ye'll maybe be thinkin' auld Mause didna see ye
 Gaun down the lang loan wi' big splay-fitted Jean ?”
 Tis fause ! auld Mause is kent for a lear :
 I swear I ne'er did siccan a thing :
 An' curs'd be the auld wither'd hag, wha, through malice,
 Sic tales to the ear o' my Mary wad bring.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE.



Again, the welcome spring renews
The groves by Winter's madness torn ;
The flowers assume their matchless hues ;
On every gale their balm is borne ;
No more the warbler chirps forlorn
Upon the cold and leafless tree ;
But, glorying in the dewy morn,
To heaven he breathes his minstrelsy.
Upon the hill, the humming bee
Revels the purple heath among ;
And blooming nymphs, on yonder lea,
Are caroling their morning song ;
Yon little streamlet steals along
Where violets bloom, and daisies sigh ;
And Nature's universal tongue
Speaks but of peace, and love, and joy.

Of late, in yonder glorious sky
The clouds their dismal drapery hung ;
The tempest's voice was heard on high ;
And hill, and vale, with terror rung.
On high, the ocean foam was flung,
Careering o'er its cavern'd shore :
While Echo woke her ceaseless tongue,
And join'd the dark and deadly roar :
But now, the tempest is no more ;
And lovely is the ocean's hue ;
For scarce the ripple of an oar
Disturbs its pictur'd skies so blue.
Oh! I could roam for ever, through
Its fairy fields and coral cells ;
Enjoying raptures ever new,
Where the sweet, lovely mermaid dwells.
No stormy tempest there revels ;
No winter blasts her pearly flowers ;
Her diamonds blaze no darkness quells ;
No care disturbs her peaceful hours :
But bless'd in her immortal bowers,
And bless'd in her unceasing spring,

She knows no sorrow such as ours ;
She knows no pang remorse may bring .
But whither am I wandering,
Amidst thy mysteries, O Sea !
Can man one secret from thee wring,
Dread image of eternity ?
Ah, no ! thou vast immensity !
Whirlwinds may sweep, and tempests rave,
And thou thyself yawn fearfully
Above the beautiful and brave ;
But lone and silent, in the grave
Of thy unfathom'd depths they lie ;
Their monument, the mountain wave,
That rears its foamy crest on high.
In vain, for them, their kindred sigh ;
In vain their hearts doth sorrow wring :
Yet shall each spirit mount on high,
And hail a long, eternal, spring.

SONNET.



Rush on ! ye billows of the eternal deep !
To me, your madness hath an awful charm :
The tempest is upon ye ; and alarm
Hath broken your deep slumbers ; and ye leap
Up to the heavens—then onward, downward, sweep,
Through fathomless abysses, where no eye
Can mark your strangling fury ; till on high
The shatter'd bark bids pale compassion weep ;
And mangled corpses, floating on the surge,
Meet eyes that fondly watch'd for their return.
O ye wild billows, wherefore do ye spurn
From them the bliss of meeting ? and emerge
From your unfathom'd caves to blast and wring
Their hearts, and o'er their lives despairing horrors fling.

TO M——



“ Forget thee !” witching maid, can I

Thy beauteous image e’er forget ?

As soon, shall saint forget the sky ;

Or Phœbus when to rise and set :

In memory’s lines, too deeply trac’d,

Thy beauty e’er to be effac’d.

And yet, ’tis not thine eyes of blue ;

Thy cheeks, where rose and lily blend ;

Thy clustering hair, of raven hue ;

And smiles that their enchantments lend ;

Though these alone would never let

My heart turn traitor, and forget.

Although thy form is fairer far

Than aught I’ve seen of mortal leaven ;

It is thy mind's illustrious star,
Allying thee, dear maid, to heaven,
Whose glorious halo, round thee set,
No one may witness and forget.

Still scatter far thy beams of light ;
Each mental charm around thee throw ;
The spirit's grandeur, blazing bright,
Like morning's rays on fields of snow ;
But, oh ! when 'midst thy votaries set,
Thy lowly bard do not forget.

SONNET—SHIPWRECK.



Hark to the tempest shock, that tears asunder
The frail bark struggling 'midst those hills of foam !
The mariners have found a stormy tomb,
Dirg'd by the bursting of the bellowing thunder :
Hope flies appall'd ; and ruin grasps her plunder ;
Strowing with mangl'd corpses the wild waves.
How, like a hell, the angry ocean raves,
In all its billowy, dark, terrific grandeur !
Convuls'd and awful ! the Almighty's power
Is imag'd in the elemental war !
Where man, the fleeting shadow of an hour,
Writhes on the surge, beneath his foaming car ;
Then, through the blackening abyss of sea,
Sinks to the ocean of eternity.

RECONCILIATION.



I saw her smile : 'twas like a dazzling ray
Of sunshine ; but it melted not my soul ;
Proudly I stood, despising her controul :
Till, slow, the smile's enchantment died away :
And then, to speak the maiden did essay ;
But could not : for I only heard a sigh,
Soft as a Zephyr's whisper : and her eye,
By heaven ! a tear drop on its dark fringe lay,
Big, bright, and beautiful. I know not why
It mov'd me so ; but felt some little spray
Bedim my own :—and then I fondly cried,
“ Come to my soul, my life, my love, my bride,”
And to my heart I press'd her breast of snow,
And seal'd upon her lips the eternal vow.

THE OCEAN.



I trod the silvery beach at day's decline,
And gaz'd upon the ocean's breast of blue ;
Unruffl'd all, save where the white sea mew,
Dipping its snowy plumage in the brine,
Made the sweet billow, like a meteor, shine
And as I gaz'd bewitch'd, the twilight sky
Gave out her countless stars, meet canopy
For such a scene, and Dian's face divine
At once burst through her fleecy panoply :
And soft and sweet her silver beams descended
On earth and sea ; and sea and sky were blended
In one grand picture of sublimity :—
Then, with bright images my soul did teem ;
For all I gaz'd on seem'd a fairy dream.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR'S BROTHER.



At length, the fatal shaft is sped ;
And thou art stretch'd before me, dead ;
 My brother ! oh ! my brother !
And wailing friends above thee bend ;
And sounds of agony ascend :
But deeper, sterner, feelings rend
 The bosom of thy mother.

And can it be the struggle's pass'd !
And hast thou look'd and breath'd thy last ?
 Or art thou only sleeping ?
Oh ! 'tis an everlasting sleep ;
A dreamless slumber, dark and deep :

And none above thee watch shall keep ;
 Though now, there's wail and weeping.

'Tis beauty of an awful kind
 That lingers life's last pulse behind,
 Decay's advance concealing.
 Thou art lovely ! though the soul is fled,
 A bright immortal ray that shed
 Upon thy face, and hallowed
 Its living gaze with feeling.

Above thy darken'd orbs of blue,
 Upon thy brow of marble hue,
 Thy flaxen locks are lyeing
 In calm and waveless loveliness :
 Thy cheeks have yet their roses fresh ;
 And still thy parted lips express
 A smile that is undying.

Dear, disembodied, spirit, say,
 In what bright region, far away,
 Is thy pure essence dwelling :

Seest thou on earth thy kindred dear,
Low bending o'er thine early bier,
And dropping fond affection's tear,
Their bosoms sadly swelling ?

Ah ! not a sound can break thy rest !
Nor joy nor grief disturb that breast
Whose throb is hush'd for ever !
Thou canst not share our joys or woes !
Thy smiles and tears have found a close !
Oh ! how I envy that repose
Which shall be broken never !

SONG.



It may not, shall not be, Ellen;
I must not think on thee :
For thy cheeks are blench'd,
And thine eyes are quench'd,
That brightly beam'd on me, Ellen.

I lov'd thee, madly lov'd, Ellen,
I lov'd thee, madly lov'd :
But false wert thou
To thy plighted vow,
And perjur'd thou hast prov'd, Ellen.

The spell thy beauty wove, Ellen,
The spell thy beauty wove

Thus melted away.

It could not stay

When thou didst faithless prove, Ellen.

And now, a last adieu, Ellen ;

A long and last adieu :

For the hour is sweet,

And I go to meet

With a maiden, leal and true, Ellen.

DEW DROP.



Oh ! bright and beautiful thou dost appear,
As the fair sky that dropp'd thee, lovely gem ;
Crowning, as with a fairy diadem,
The rose-bud sleeping on its native brier.
I almost fancy thee an angel's tear,
Descending thus, in evening's tranquil hour,
As, mourning o'er so beautiful a flower,
He drinks its balmy fragrance, hovering near,
And weeps to think rude autumn's howling storm
Will sweep the fragile blossom from the lawn,
And waft its odorous breathings far away ;
No more with blushes opening on the dawn,
Enshrin'd in pearls, to hail the golden ray
That slept enamour'd on its matchless form.

S O N G.

TUNE—" *Begone Dull Care.*"

How blythe was I

When Mary was kind, and true !

The time flew by

How sweetly, naebody knew :

For every day and every hour

Was fraught wi' bliss to me ;

But, alas ! she's gane,

And sad is the dool I dree.

A form mair fair

Was never by nature gi'en ;

But a heart was there

Baith fickle an' fause, I ween.

For aft she swore she wad be mine ;

But riches wan the day :

A titl'd lord, as a rival came,

And bore my love away.

SONNET.



Oh ! it is sweet, when the returning spring
Mantles the earth with flowers of all rich hues,
In some sequester'd spot, alone to muse,
Where strays some streamlet, gently murmuring ;
When the wood minstrels from their temples sing
Their roundelays ; and every thing we see
Is fraught with charms that raise to ecstasy
The glowing soul : and on celestial wing
Imagination fetterless reclines,
And pictures images of love and joy ;
Glorying that nature now no longer pines
Beneath the horrors of a wintry sky ;
But, that, all bright, in loveliness, she wiles
Young hearts unto her, with her tears and smiles.

SONNET—A STORM.



Behold ! how, like an angry eye's dark scowl,
The red moon glares from her pavilion
Of dense, dark, clouds ; tinging with dull vermilion
The troubl'd waters : while the tempest's howl
Scares from their cliffy nests the wild sea fowl,
To mingle with the storm their boding screams ;
And every billow, like a mountain seems
Blackening with rage, imparting to the soul
Sublimity of horror, oh ! how wild,
The foaming breakers reel against the shore !
Yawning destruction to the ocean's child
Whose vessel drifts within their deafening roar !
For dread omnipotence alone could save
The wretched mariners from such a grave.

CAPTIVES OF ALGIERS.



The proud Dey sat on a low ottoman ;
His brow was black, and his cheeks were wan,
Quiver'd his lips, and the flash of his eye
On his crouching slaves fell witheringly.
He grasp'd a cimeter, red to the hilt
With blood in his lawless madness spilt ;
And before him there lay a headless trunk,
The muscles with life still shiver'd and shrunk,
And the swarthy head at a distance lay,
While its eyes still glar'd on the blood-stain'd Dey,
And the lip yet writh'd with a deadly throe,
While the bubbling blood from the neck did flow.

'Twas the Eunuch, the guard of the Harem's path,
Who had fallen the victim of Achmet's wrath :

For the fairest Captive in all his power
 That morning was miss'd from his Harem's bower,
 And the noblest youth whom his chains e'er bound
 That morning was not in his dungeon found ;
 And over the ocean, and over the land,
 His slaves were scatter'd in many a band,
 The youthful fugitives steps to track,
 And living or dead to bring them back ;
 That his hatred might rob them of all their charms,
 And glut his gaze with their mangl'd forms.

His bosom rag'd like a fearful hell,
 And the first wild burst of his vengeance fell
 On the hapless wretch whose slumbering eye,
 Permitted their flight from Captivity.
 And often his look to the door was cast,
 As the dusky forms of his slaves went past—
 For he sat like a Tiger within his lair,
 And watch'd for a glimpse of the death-doom'd pair,
 While none durst venture his rage to tame,
 But trembling, and cowering, they went and came ;
 A few, in silence, prepar'd the rack ;
 One stood with a bowstring ; one, with a sack ;

All ready to do, not daring to spare,
 Whatever the tyrant might order there.

There are shrieks and voices within the porch,
 And his dark eye glares like a funeral torch ;
 A fiendish smile, on his curl'd lip plays,
 As the Captives meet his ferocious gaze :
 He welcomes them back with a yell of joy,
 And instinctively springs from his seat to destroy ;
 But, gazing again on the youthful pair,
 Who timidly shrunk from his eyes, fierce glare ;
 He stay'd his hand from the murderous blow,
 But not from a feeling of mercy—Ah ! no :
 Yet the fiercest Tiger which prowls the wild
 Would have left that maiden unharm'd, unspoil'd.
 She seem'd too fair to be born of earth ;
 And rather like one of celestial birth :
 Her form was beautiful, and her face
 Was the seat of every enchanting grace ;
 With a sweet blue eye of the darkest tinge,
 That starlike glanc'd from its raven fringe ;
 That fringe, now wet with a tear drop, bright,

As the dew on the violet's breast at night :
 And over her neck, and her breast so fair,
 All wildly stream'd her dishevel'd hair ;
 While her cheeks were pale, as the outstretch'd clay
 When the soul from its dwelling has pass'd away.

But, unmov'd at the sight of her deep distress,
 Stern Achmet thus did a slave address,
 " How caught ye the birds of the unfledg'd wings,
 Who, fluttering, broke from their silken strings ?"
 " Bound for the rock of the infidel's pride,
 Their bark like a swan on the waves did ride ; —
 But, praise be to Allah who sent no gale,
 To swell the folds of their puny sail,
 Our vessel fast on their weak bark gain'd :
 (For every nerve at the oar we strain'd :)
 But even when we rode by the reptile's side,
 He laugh'd us to scorn, and our wrath defied :
 And much it grieveth thy slave to tell
 That six of our bravest before him fell,
 Ere"—" Hell and fury," exclaimed the Dey,
 And, grinding his teeth as a Wolf might do

Ere he sinks his tusks in his helpless prey,
 A furious stroke at the youth he drew ;
 But he stood unshrinking beneath the blow,
 Which fearfully fell on his manly brow,
 And laid his right cheek bare to the bone ;
 Yet he scorn'd to give vent to a sigh or a groan,
 Though his eye with a terrible lustre shone.
 Amaz'd at his dauntless hardihood,
 The Dey exclaimed, in a frenzied mood,
 " Accursed son of a race accurs'd,
 Right well has thy daring provok'd thy death ;
 But my vengeance shall not all on thee burst
 At once :—for I spare thy venomous breath,
 Till tortures unheard of before, have well
 Pursu'd thee, worm, to the brink of hell."

The bleeding Captive replied in scorn ;
 " Thou, thou art a worm, and serpent born,
 Whose venom is given to curse the earth,
 And waste the land of thy reptile birth.
 I came from the land of the brave and the free,
 Whose breath would consume such a slave as thee,

I am of the land of the free and the brave ;
 Where tyranny ever hath found a grave ;
 Whose girdle of strength is the ocean wave.
 'Tis the land of beauty, the seat of love,
 Whose silk band round every heart is wove ;
 And he is no son of that happy land,
 Who would not snatch a Lady from Tyrant's hand :
 Her curse and her hatred would light on him
 Who would shrink from adventuring life and limb
 To save the fair from the hellish lust,
 That, smouldering, scorches thy hideous dust.
 I dar'd the deed—it seems in vain ;
 Yet would I risk as much again :
 Though round me stood, with glittering swords,
 A thousand of thy savage hordes ;
 I would bare my bosom against them all ;
 And, rather than live in thy hateful thrall,
 In the glorious struggle for freedom I'd fall.

“ I know what pangs thou canst make me feel ;
 But I reck not, Dey, for thy racks nor thy steel ;
 Yet, oh ! (and he lower'd his tone of pride,

And glanc'd at the maiden he stood beside,)
 If e'er thy heart one impulse knew
 To pity or compassion true,
 If ever sparkl'd in thine eye
 One generous tear of sympathy,
 If o'er thy dark, relentless, soul
 One ray of mercy ever stole ;
 Now ! now exert its genial power ;
 And spare, oh ! spare this beauteous flower."

" Ha ! well canst thou plead for the glittering toy
 Whose beauty has madden'd thy brain, proud boy :
 But Achmet shall try if the soulless thing
 One burning drop from thine eye can wring.
 I lov'd her ; yea, and she seem'd so fond,
 So proud of my love, so true and so bland,
 That I deem'd her a Houri, by Alla given
 To roam with me through the bowers of heaven :
 She's fair : and I thought that for me she had bloom'd ;
 But thy venomous touch her death has doom'd ;
 Then sternly he spoke to his trembling slaves :
 Short was his warrant ; " The sack : the waves."

In a moment, the dark fiends the victim enclose ;
For, fainting with horror, she could not oppose :
Rudely they carry their burden away,
And plunge it deep in the neighbouring bay :
It sunk—and there wildly rose on high
One piercing shriek, like a Maniac's cry ;
Then all was hush'd ; save the murmuring wave,
That sounded a dirge o'er the Lady's grave.
The youth in a stupor the scene beheld,
And his manly bosom to bursting swell'd :
That shriek of agony met his ear,
And his cheek grew pale—but 'twas not with fear ;
For over his soul came an awful change ;
And his eye had the lightning's flame ;
The strength of a giant was in his frame,
And urged him on to revenge.
So, with teeth firm set, and a long drawn breath ;
He turn'd himself to the work of death.
As a Lion breaks from the hunter's toils,
And robs him alike of his life and spoils ;
The few who held him he dash'd to the ground ;
He clear'd their dusky forms at a bound ;

And a yell of vengeance burst from his tongue,
As full on the murderous Dey he sprung :
He wrench'd the steel from the tyrant's hand,
And, waving on high the glittering brand,
Ere rallied the slaves to their master's part
He plung'd it deep in the monster's heart.
Then, quick as thought, 'mongst the hostile crew,
The streaming brand like a meteor flew—
“ Revenge ! Revenge ! ” was his frenzied cry,
As he dash'd amongst them, dauntlessly.
Beneath his fury the corsairs reel'd,
Their lances clash'd, and their pistols peal'd,
And the eddyng smoke envelop'd the crowd ;
But what reck'd they for its sulphurous shroud ;
For sterner horrors their souls appal,
Whose life's blood streams through the ample hall.
Unharm'd, yet cover'd with foemen's gore,
The Captive hews him a path to the door ;
But bolts and bars there his flight oppose,
And there the Moslems around him close :
He look'd to the heavens, in mental prayer,

And the last wild burst of his vengeance there
 Fell with the frenzy of dire despair :
 And with countless wounds, and a splinter'd spear,
 The young Briton finished his glorious career.

ON MISS _____

Oh ! she was beautiful—and had an eye
 Of Heaven's own azure, Love's own cloudless sky,
 Which show'd each thought, that in her bosom pass'd,
 Each passing shade more lovely than the last :
 Its fringe was deepest Auburn ; the same hue,
 The silken bow that arch'd the laughing blue ;
 Her brow was snow white ; but her cheek had in't
 Less of the Lily's, than the Rose's tint ;
 A smile her ruby lips for ever wore,
 Which, like a beam of rapture, flitted o'er
 Her angel face ; and, like the soul within,
 Was pure and free from every taint of sin.

SONG.



I know not a charm so bewitching on earth,
As the dear voice of friendship, when blended with mirth.
When our bosoms are cheer'd by the blood of the vine,
And our thoughts and our feelings in harmony join ;
Then grim looking care, from the circle takes flight,
And leaves all to friendship, to love, and delight.

Come ! empty your glasses ! Oh ! wherefore delay
Till the charm of the liquor hath sparkl'd away ?
The ruby that glows on the brim of the cup
Will distill into tears, if we quaff it not up.
But we shall quaff it up while a drop doth remain,
And friendship will fill up our glasses again.

REVENGE.



Lo ! where revenge, with gleaming dagger, stands ;
And, at his feet, his murder'd victim lies :
'Tis horrible to view his bloody hands ;
And the wild frenzy of his glaring eyes !
Revenge ! terrific monster ! whom no ties
Of love, or kindred, ever yet could bind :
At thy fell glance, hope sickens ; mercy dies ;
And all the sympathies of human kind
Perish before thee ; for, since 'Time's first birth,
Compos'd of every passion, fierce and wild,
Cruel and bloody, thou hast roam'd the earth,
Assassin-like, and nought e'er left unspoil'd
That dar'd to rouse thy wrath. Thou Demon fell,
Avaunt ! remorseless fiend ! back to thy native Hell !

ADDRESS TO APOLLO.



Born in heaven's immortal bowers,
Slumbering now in Venus grove,
From thy bed of orient flowers,
Sweet enchanter, hither rove :
Hither wing thy fairy flight,
Arm'd with every melting thrill,
And with notes of wild delight,
Melt, oh ! melt the wintry chill
That hangs round Helen's breast of snow :
And oh ! inspire the genial glow
That burns with tender passion still.

Raise the harp's angelic strain,
Till her bosom beats, " To arms ;"
And her looks of cold disdain,
Sweetly melt to softer charms

Touch with thy celestial wand
 Every note sublime and grand ;
 All that can enchant her ear,
 Let the haughty maiden hear ;
 Till each slumbering passion rise,
 Flush her cheeks, and light her eyes ;
 And emotions, warm and bland,
 Burst their way in broken sighs ;
 And her insensibility
 Has brighten'd into ecstasy.

Come, touch the lyre's seraphic string,
 Till it imparts ethereal fire ;
 And all thy sweet enchantments bring
 To fan the flame of soft desire :
 The lover's lute, the mellow flute,
 The Eolian harp's bewitching sighs
 Let every note ecstatic float
 Around her heart in Love's disguise :
 Oh ! Throw around each wizard spell,
 The maiden's soul and sense entrancing ;
 And let not cold indifference dwell
 In eyes so finely form'd for glancing.

Those ruby lips, so form'd for smiling,
 Let them now show their sweetest smile,
 That voice, so fitted for beguiling,
 Oh ! let it melt my soul the while,
 By breathing forth the wish'd for " Yes ;"
 And let me have the burning kiss
 Which constitutes a lover's bliss.

'Tis done. Her fond and fervid eye
 Now beams with love lit energy :
 I mark'd the varying, burning, streaks,
 That crimson'd o'er her dimpl'd cheeks ;
 I saw her bosom wildly throb,
 Beheld her start, and heard her sob ;
 And, as the bright and pearly tears,
 A wandering from their azure spheres,
 Upon her rosy blushes lay,
 I kiss'd the sparkling gems away ;
 Nor said the melting beauty ; " Nay."

Enchanter sweet ! thy task is done !
 The lovely maid is all my own !

As on the earth the moonlight plays,
 When not obscur'd by cloud or haze ;
 So, when the maiden's first alarms
 Were hush'd by thy resistless charms ;
 When the first shower of tears had pass'd,
 Like rain drops on the summer blast ;
 Over her face, serenely bright,
 Love's glorious halo gradual stole ;
 Her eyes gave back immortal light ;
 The glancing mirrors of her soul,
 Where, in its deep recesses, grew
 Emotions wildering, strange, and new.

Now, o'er the lute's celestial strings
 The enraptur'd maiden fondly hangs ;
 And, with awaken'd transports glowing,
 Of love's delightful thrill she sings !
 And mocks her former coyness ; knowing
 'Tis love alone a rapture flings
 O'er woman's life : on earth 'tis this
 Alone, that's worth the name of bliss.
 Enchanter sweet ! thy task is done !
 The spell is broken ! the maid is won !

SONG.



Ah ! gone are the dear, sunny, hours of my childhood,
When happy I play'd on the banks of the burn :
Or pull'd the wild berries that grew in the wild wood ;
Nor thought that such moments would never return.

And gone are the bright dreams I once fondly cherish'd,
Unclouded by sorrow, unmingl'd with pain ;
Sweet flowers of the past ! their enchantments have perish'd,
And never can lighten my bosom again.

And false are the friends, who, I thought, could deceive
not :

Then, little I thought that a friend could deceive !
But sages have warn'd us their smiles to believe not ;
Lest deep in our bosoms a thorn they should leave.

Still, Love lit with gladness my desolate bosom,
And, like a sweet flower in the wilderness, bloom'd
But Death's cruel frost nipp'd the beautiful blossom,
And the last source of life and of rapture entomb'd.

Now, o'er her cold ashes whose smile was a heaven,
I pour my complaints, till the dawning of morn;
And often, alas! to wild frenzy I'm driven,
My best hopes all blighted, my heart rudely torn.

SONNET—HOPE.



What nymph is yon, so beautiful and bright,
Who smiles serenely, 'midst the howling storm ;
And heaven-ward points, with air of fond delight,
To where on high the Rainbow's glorious form,
Spans the dark thunder cloud ? Immortal hope !
I know thee now, thou bright-eyed, heavenly, queen ;
And also, whence that air and look serene.
Thou stand'st secure, on an eternal prop,
The rock of ages, which shall never fail,
Though all the powers of Hell should it assail :
And, while on earth, to suffering man thou 'rt given,
To point, through tempests, to his home, in heaven ;
To light, with smiles, the gloomy front of care ;
And keep at bay the fearful fiend, Despair.

OH ! MENIE, RISE AND GANG WI' ME.



Oh ! Menie, wilt thou rise and gang
 Across the dreary muir wi' me ?
 And though the storm its warst should blaw,
 I'll think it nocht ava wi' thee ?

CHORUS.

I'll think it nocht ava wi' thee ;
 To thee, my plaid will shelter gie :
 So, Menie, wilt thou rise and gang
 Across the lanely muir wi' me.

Oh ! many a weary mile I've come
 Through frost and snaw yoursel' to see,
 And noo the hale return I ask
 Is, rise and cross the muir wi' me.

Oh ! come across the muir wi' me,
 My lowland plaid will shelter gi'e,
 And love will light us on the way,
 So Menie rise, and come wi' me.

“ Atweel,” she cried, “ I'm no sae daft's
 In sic a night the house to lea' :
 So step awa' yoursel', my man ;
 I'll gang wi' nae sic loon as thee.
 Oh ! no ! I winna gang wi' thee ;
 Although your plaid wad shelter gi'e :
 Your hame-ward road before you lies.
 Gude night, and ne'er come back to me.”

He slowly turn'd to gang awa' ;
 A “ Fare-ye-weel,” he scarce could gi'e ;
 But, when his looks the lassie saw,
 She melting cried, “ Weel, bide a wee :'
 Sit down and gie's your crack a wee ;
 Syne, I'll gae o'er the muir wi' thee.”
 And sune she flung her rock aside,
 And rose, and kept him company.

But aye sin syne she sits and mourns ;

And aye the tear is in her e'e ;

And aye she minds his pawky words,

“ Dear lass come o'er the muir wi' me ,”

“ Oh ! rise and cross the muir wi' me ;

“ My lowland plaid will shelter gi'e.”

But, had the lassie stay'd at hame,

She wadna had sic dool to dree.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE CART.



See Cynthia, smiling from her glorious throne
Of snow-white clouds, so beautiful and clear ;
While, all around her bright pavilion,
Thousands of stars resplendent now appear.
Oh ! for a moment let me wander here,
Admiring nature in her richest dress,
While yet mild evening drops her pearly tear
On tree, and flower, their blossomings to bless,
Giving each balmy charm a brighter loveliness.

What's all the pride, the pomp, and mockery
Of human grandeur ! Fleeting, as a dream,
Compar'd with evening's still sublimity ;
When mountain, valley, hill, rock, wood, and stream,

Are all at rest beneath the lunar beam.

Oh ! then, what pure, delicious, thoughts arise !

How swells the lover's soul, the poet's theme,

To view the slumbering earth, and starry skies,

When all around is clad in summer's flowery guise !

Is there on earth a wretch who has not felt

Some love-fraught feelings o'er his bosom steal

At such an hour as this, and proudly knelt

At beauty's shrine, those feelings to reveal !

In whose dark soul life's witcheries congeal,

Unmov'd by nature's charm, or beauty's thrill !

Here let him stray, enraptur'd : he must feel

Sublime emotions melt the torpid chill

That freezes up his soul ; like some cold, frozen, rill.

It is, beyond description, sweet to hear

In this love-breathing hour soft music's swell,

Sublimely rising on the ravish'd ear,

And echo'd far, from yonder wooded dell—

Hark ! How that matchless strain uprose and fell !
 Methinks some seraph minstrel hovers nigh,
 The stormy passions of my breast to quell,
 With a full flow of glorious harmony !
 Roll on, ye wizard notes : I'm wrapp'd in ecstasy !

Oh ! Cartha ! often on thy murmuring stream
 I've gaz'd with feelings not to be express'd :
 But, when the Summer day's last crimson gleam
 Had look'd its farewell from the glowing west,
 Then thy calm, placid, beauty charm'd me best ;
 And sent a thrill of rapture through my frame :
 While burning thoughts, which would not be repress'd,
 Flash'd through my soul, with Love's ethereal flame,
 And o'er my heart the gush of inspiration came.

Roll on ! sweet river ! When I'm far away,
 Thou wilt be bright and beautiful, as now ;
 The moon's pale beams will on thy bosom play ;
 The balmy zephyr kiss thy crystal brow ;
 The same wild flowers will on thy margin grow ;
 The same rich foliage o'er thy waters bend ;

The wild-wood minstrels breathe their notes ; and thou
 Wilt still thy gurglings with their music blend,
 And to this lovely scene, a wild enchantment lend.

How sweetly Cynthia silvers every tree ;
 And lights each pearl that shrines the trembling spray !
 While yonder stands, in lone sublimity,
 The castle ruins, mouldering now, and gray !
 The creeping ivy mantling their decay,
 With tender clasp : fonder by far, than ever
 It did when in its best and proudest day
 It stood, the guardian genius of the river,
 Whose firm cemented walls, no force save time, might
 shiver.

Yes, thou art there ! lone pile of ancient years ;
 Though gone the strength and glory of thy walls !
 No more thy rampart gleams with bristling spears ;
 Nor youth and chivalry adorn thy halls ;
 All, all, are gone ! for youth, for beauty falls,
 Though not unwept, nor yet their deeds unsung :
 For, midst the hideous death-gloom which appals,

A radiance still is o'er their memory flung
By each congenial bard, whose lyre to thee is strung.

And manhood moulders ; youth, and strength lie low ;
And passions, fierce and strong are buried here ;
The damp of death hath quench'd the martial glow
That urg'd them onward in their proud career.
Pale Scotia bent her o'er each warrior's bier,
And wildly wept, upon that bloody day
When Caledonians plung'd the hostile spear
In kindred hearts, and fiercely fought away,
Till fathers—brothers—friends—in one wild ruin lay.

'Twas nigh this spot, the melancholy yew
Shelter'd an angel's beauty, drench'd in tears,
When hapless Mary took her stand to view
The rush of battle, and the close of spears.
As the rude war shock fell upon her ears,
And volley follow'd volley, thick and fast ;
A thousand feverish hopes and anxious fears
Alternate sway'd her bosom, till the last ;
When o'er the ruin'd field, an anguish'd look she cast.

It was a woeful look, that spoke despair !
 Her prospects blasted ; friends and followers slain ;
 The Diadem, that she was born to wear,
 Never to grace her lovely brow again !
 Unhappy queen ! what were thy feelings then !
 What thoughts unutterable whelm'd thy soul,
 When, wildly flying from the fatal scene,
 With scarce a friend thy sufferings to console,
 To England's treacherous love—a prison's gloom thou
 fled'st.

The curse of generations yet unborn
 Shall blast the memory of thy cruel foes !
 Whate'er the follies of thine early morn,
 In dark oblivion's shades let them repose.
 Thy youth, thy beauty, and thy many woes,
 Have wrung a drop from many a fearless eye,
 And every true-born, Scottish, bosom glows
 With feelings of devoted chivalry,
 From calumny's rude shaft to shield thy memory.

How sweet the landscape now, when scarce a breath
 Disturbs the slumbers of its deep serene !

The yellow corn waves o'er the field of death ;
 And all around looks beautiful again :
 Where rose the startling trumpet's warlike strain,
 I hear the black-bird's clear, melodious, swell ;
 Where the rude thunders plough'd the trembling plain,
 The sky-lark mounts his sweetest notes to trill,
 And lovers nightly woo where warriors fought and fell.

Oh ! Scotia ! Never may thy hills and vales
 Again have cause such madness to deplore :
 Be but remember'd in tradition's tales
 The anarchy that drench'd thy fields with gore.
 May unity and peace for evermore
 Blossom beneath the Hanoverian line ;
 Thy sons, undaunted, rich in classic lore ;
 Thy daughters, lovely, beautiful, divine :
 And long may Heaven preserve thy glory from decline.

THE FLOWER OF THE CLYDE.

A Poem in Blank Verse.

SCENE: *A Beautiful and Romantic Spot on the Banks of the Clyde—An Old Ruin—Corra Linn in the Distance.*—TIME: *Sunset.*

~~~~~

HENRY.

Look here, my Julia. Didst thou ever gaze  
 On such a calm sequester'd spot as this?  
 Where Nature's slumbers, not a murmur breaks;  
 Where Nature's silence, not a sound disturbs;  
 Save the sweet silver music of the brook,  
 That slowly steals round yonder hoary pile;  
 The mouldering monument of times gone by?



JULIA.

It is indeed both wild and beautiful.  
Here, Solitude her loveliest aspect wears,  
Lonely, yet not alone, she sits and smiles,  
And woos our footsteps with her peerless charms.

HENRY.

The gentle Zephyr, stealing from the west,  
Scatters his fragrance with a sigh so soft,  
That scarce it moves yon crimson-headed flower,  
Which lifts its gaudy brow on yonder wall ;  
Like beauty mourning o'er the lonely tomb.

JULIA.

Fondly the ivy clasps the crumbling towers,  
And mantles o'er the ravages of time,  
Giving a robe of beauty to decay.

## HENRY.

It is an emblem sweet of woman's love ;  
That shrinks not when the hour of trial comes ;  
But, round the altar of her soul's affections,  
Clings with devoted strength, to shield it safe ;  
Or hide, at least, its ruin from the world.

## JULIA.

And whither would the gentle ivy go,  
When prostrate in the dust her proud oak lies ?  
Or where should weak and helpless woman be,  
When tempests threaten her beloved lord ?  
Surely, beside him ; with her sweetest smiles  
To gild the gloom that hangs around his soul,  
And whisper comfort in the hour of woe.

## HENRY.

And should misfortune ever press me hard,  
Or sorrow throw her shadows o'er my soul,  
Though hope turn pale, and sicken at the sight,  
As black despair and her fell suite appear,  
Yet then, my Julia, on thy heavenly breast  
I will recline, and hear thee talk of peace ;  
And, basking in the radiance of thine eye,  
Forget that Fortune can inflict a pang.

## JULIA.

Nay, talk not thus, dear Henry. Wherefore dream  
Of clouds and tempests which may never come ?  
Why spoil the sunny morning of our lives,  
With dread of future woe ? Here's a sweet bank :  
With yellow moss, of velvet touch, 'tis lin'd ;  
And strow'd with primrose pale, and violet blue :

Let us be seated for a while, and view  
The countless glories of the setting sun.

HENRY.—(*Seating himself.*)

And brighter never bless'd a lover's sight :  
With broad disk resting on the western wave,  
He scatters far his horizontal beams :  
And yonder mass immense of clouds, appears  
A mighty furnace, filled with living fire ;  
Through whose resplendent bars, the struggling blaze,  
Wraps the cerulean sky, with gorgeous robes  
Of purple, and vermilion, streak'd with gold :  
Nature's magnificent apparel all.

JULIA.

And now, harmoniously, the evening hymn  
Of glad creation, rises to the sky.  
High, on the topmost spray of yon tall oak,  
The sooty blackbird woos the rising moon ;  
While nigh, embower'd in fragrant hawthorn shade,

The mellow mavis breathes his richest strain :  
 And even the bat, that lightly flits around,  
 Seems fill'd with joy to hail the twilight hour,  
 Which gently—Hush ! Look Henry ! Dost thou see  
 Yon female figure, cloth'd in robes of white,  
 Emerging from the shade of yonder tower ?

HENRY.

I do !

Her face is beautiful ; but, oh ! 'tis pale :  
 And with her slender fingers, see, she wrings  
 Her golden tresses, wet as if with foam.  
 She glides along the margin of the stream :  
 Nor rocks, nor trees, her trackless course can mar :  
 And now, on yonder beetling cliff she stands ;  
 And, shuddering, gazes on the stream below.

JULIA.

Oh ! God ! she falls ! she's lost ! for ever lost !  
 I see her fair form blending with the spray !

Hark ! Hark ! Wild shrieks of agony ascend !  
 Oh ! Henry, fly ! for Heaven—for Mercy's sake !  
 Fly ! fly ! and save her !

## HENRY.

Be calm, my Julia : hush thy wild alarm :  
 Her form is immaterial, as the wind :  
 The disembodied spirit of a maid  
 Who fell, the victim of a base betrayer :  
 High heaven, for some wise purpose of its own,  
 Permits her, thus, at sunset, once a-year,  
 To leave the precincts of the eternal world :  
 And from those ruins, once her home in life,  
 She slowly glides along to Corra Linn ;  
 Within whose boiling gulf she disappears :  
 As we ourselves have witness'd.

## JULIA.

Oh ! me ! she must have met a fearful end :  
 Would I could learn the story of her life ;  
 And yet, I would but weep at what she suffered.

HENRY.

The sigh of sensibility is soft,  
 And hallow'd are the drops which pity sheds.  
 I've heard the story of her life rehears'd  
 By an old servant of her father's house,  
 And thou shalt have it for a simple bribe—(*Kissing her.*)  
 No pouting now ; else, you will tempt me to  
 The theft again.

JULIA.

Well now, proceed : since thou hast got thy fee.

HENRY.

There stands the ruin of " The Fairy Den."  
 Some fifty years ago it was the home  
 Of Albert Douglas and his faithful spouse ;  
 Who here, in calm retirement, spent their days ;

Bless'd with the fruits of honourable toil :  
 And not on earth a happier couple dwelt,  
 Or tasted more of wedded joy than they.  
 But life hath many a cup of woe in store :  
 And, when we least expect the bitter draught,  
 We see the poison'd chalice at our lips,  
 And feel its venom, withering up our souls.

The fair Matilda was their only child ;  
 The pride and solace of their waning years.  
 A lovelier being ne'er was form'd by Nature.  
 Her golden tresses fell, in wavy curls,  
 Over her neck and alabaster brow ;  
 A richer lip, not Hebe's self could boast ;  
 Nor rose-bud rival, with its brightest tint,  
 The pure vermilion of her dimpl'd cheek :  
 Her voice was music in the sweetest tones,  
 A melting melody, for ruby lips  
 Of beauty, fram'd love's language to express.  
 And, as yon snow white cloud that skims the sky,  
 Is imag'd fair in Clutha's crystal stream ;  
 So, in her sweet blue eyes, the maiden's soul,



Like orb of light, was gloriously glass'd ;  
 And every thought and feeling of her heart,  
 In angel purity, reflected there.

She was, of Clutha, the unrival'd flower.  
 Long ere her waist was clasp'd with woman's zone,  
 The youths of yonder village bent the knee,  
 And, at the altar of her charms, became  
 Idolaters ; and paid her homage due.  
 But coldly on her ear their worship fell ;  
 And she would shrink from their enamour'd looks,  
 To meet the sweet smiles of parental love :  
 'Yond which a truant wish she never form'd.

Thus, eighteen times had fair Matilda seen  
 The banks of Clyde adorn'd with annual flowers.  
 Sweet childhood's fun and frolic were exchang'd  
 For maiden grace, and that ethereal look  
 Of bright intelligence, which sits enthron'd  
 In lovely woman's fond and fervid eye,  
 Awing the lover's soul even while it charms.

Such was Matilda, when the spoiler came,  
The false Glenalvin, lord of yonder seat,  
Whose battlements o'ertop the neighbouring grove.  
He came to celebrate his natal day,  
And spend the summer, where he first drew breath :  
And on that day, his numerous tenantry  
Were feasted on the lawn before his mansion.  
They quaff'd the cup, and with harmonious glee  
The joke and song went round, and tales of yore  
The gray hair'd sires enthusiastic told ;  
Till Scotia's glory set each tongue a-going ;  
And every heart the maddening impulse knew  
That nerv'd his father's arms, in days of old.

Meantime, soft music summon'd to the dance :  
And many a couple started to their feet ;  
Nor waited long the signal to begin.  
The fair Matilda caught Glenalvin's eye ;  
And his voluptuous heart at once confess'd  
How far the vaunted charms of courtly dames  
Were left behind, by her transcendant beauty.

He gaz'd—admir'd—and, in a moment plann'd  
Within himself, the ruin of the maid.

Claiming her as his partner for the evening,  
He led her, blushing, from the envious group,  
Where each had thought herself the fair whose charms  
Would gain the proffer of his lordly hand.  
He, with Matilda, led the mazy dance,  
And merrily tripp'd it o'er the velvet turf,  
Till the warm blood ran riot through their veins,  
And panting breasts ; and rapture giving looks  
Betwixt them pass'd—unutterable things :  
Impassion'd language of congenial souls,  
Which, without words, can thrill the coldest heart.

And then, withdrawing from the happy throng,  
He led her, blushing, to a leafy bower,  
That pour'd its fragrance on the balmy gale ;  
Where, whispering in her ear a tale of love,  
In well feign'd raptures of delight, he talk'd  
Of the deep passion which she had inspir'd.  
Herself the child of nature, could she know  
How fair a mask, the blackest heart can wear ?

Happy, within his circling arms she sat ;  
 And, with her fair cheek pillow'd on his breast,  
 Heard him invoke each power that dwells above  
 To witness with what tenderness he lov'd her.

The lovely maiden own'd a mutual flame,  
 Confessing that the youth had won her heart.  
 Before they parted, on her ruby lips  
 Vows of eternal love and truth he seal'd ;  
 And, for a token, gave his jewel'd ring,  
 On which were grav'd the words, " Remember me."

The revels o'er, Matilda sought her home :  
 And, blushing, there display'd Glenalvin's gift ;  
 Concealing not the tenor of his words,  
 His love impassion'd, nor their vows exchange'd.

Her mother eyed her with exulting pride,  
 And talk'd of the magnificent array  
 Of wealth and grandeur which would soon be hers.  
 Affection made her sanguine, and already  
 She hail'd her daughter as Glenalvin's bride.

Not so her sire, who better knew the world.  
 He blam'd her much for rashly trusting one  
 Who mov'd in sphere so far above her own;  
 He trembl'd for his daughter, and his voice  
 Betray'd the hidden workings of his soul,  
 As he portray'd the hellish arts men use  
 To entice young maidens out of virtue's paths,  
 When having robb'd them of their loveliness,  
 Like faded flowers, they spurn them from their bosoms,  
 When shame, remorse, and infamy ensue.

Matilda trembl'd at the sketch he drew :  
 And, having breath'd her orisons to heaven,  
 Retir'd to rest, in innocence secure.

She, with the first song of the lark, arose,  
 Refresh'd, and blooming as Aurora's self.  
 The joyous sparkle of her clear, blue, eye  
 Told she had had sweet dreams of love, and hope,  
 And twilight meetings in delicious bowers,  
 With one who seem'd of more than mortal birth ;  
 And burning kisses ; and bewildering sighs ;

And rapturous vows ; their witnesses alone  
 The lovely moon, and all the glorious stars,  
 And rocks, and streams, and trees, and dewy flowers.  
 Yea, oft she thought Glenalvin's love a dream—  
 “ Had she indeed been clasped in his arms !  
 And felt his warm breath lift her sunny locks !  
 And listen'd to his rich and mellow voice !  
 And heard him swear his heart was hers alone !  
 And had he seal'd his vows upon her lips !  
 Nay more ! could he indeed from her have drawn  
 The secret that his passion was return'd ! ”

Yes: all was true. Did not his massy ring  
 Blaze on her finger, like a beam of light ?  
 Its true love motto, she repeated oft ;  
 And, “ I'll remember thee,” she gently sigh'd,  
 As rob'd in beauty, like an Eastern bride,  
 She wander'd forth, her troubl'd thoughts to calm.

Nature was lovely, in her summer dress.  
 The hawthorn blossoms fill'd the air with sweets ;  
 The groves pour'd forth the melody of song ;

The leaves and flowers were clad with glittering dew ;  
 Each silver drop, a tiny bell, that glanc'd  
 Back, as in play, the radiance that exhal'd it.  
 The Clyde, reflecting the clear morning sky,  
 Roll'd on, a glorious stream of molten gold ;  
 Leaping, and sparkling, joyous to be kiss'd  
 By the luxuriant foliage which o'erhung  
 Its flowery margin, like a wall of green ;  
 And, rushing on to yonder linn sublime,  
 In one broad sheet of foam the waters fell,  
 And with their thunders wak'd the echoes round :  
 The sun-beams, playing on the snow white spray,  
 Embodied high o'er that romantic spot  
 A glorious arch of many glittering hues,  
 Lovely and fleeting, as the rainbow's form.  
 There, nature, in her frolic mood, had form'd,  
 A lovely grotto, haunt of the wood elves ;  
 Gathering, from all her wilderness of sweets,  
 The fairest flowers, and lavishing them there.  
 And there reclin'd Matilda, and beheld  
 The blooming beauties of that matchless scene :  
 And, as she gaz'd and thought upon her love,



Bewildering feelings, not to be repress'd,  
Tumultuous heaving, found a vent in song :  
And, ere the music of her voice had ceas'd,  
She saw Glenalvin kneeling at her feet.  
Words cannot paint the transports of their souls,  
Though different far the sources whence they sprung.  
Matilda's love was genuine and unfeign'd ;  
Pure, as the sky from whence its impulse came :  
Anticipated triumph flush'd his cheek,  
And gave a witchery to his mellow voice.  
His dark eyes' glances were with magic arm'd,  
Wounding a heart already all his own.  
O'er his dark soul no holy feelings crept ;  
No purity of sentiment was there :  
Like a volcanic fire, his bosom burn'd  
With all the gross combustibles of passion ;  
And love was lost in sensual desire.  
Long time they sat in that romantic grot,  
And talk'd of what is beautiful in life ;  
And still each object Love's own semblance took,  
And danc'd before them, deck'd with hopes and smiles.



Thus, weeks and months roll'd on, and seem'd but  
hours ;

Hours spent in what to her was all a heaven ;  
A dream of bliss, too exquisite to last.  
Now, its bewitching reign was near an end.  
In vain, Glenalvin every wile had tried  
To mould Matilda to his base design.  
Though much he talk'd of Love's mysterious law,  
Its secret sympathies, and feelings strange,  
All that can draw, and knit young hearts together,  
Warping them all to suit his purpose vile ;  
His hellish sophistry avail'd him not  
With one whose thoughts were pure, as infants' dreams ;  
And at whose look of innocence divine  
The dark seducer often shrunk abash'd,  
And half repented of his guilty purpose.

At length, he chang'd the plan of his attack,  
And fondly talk'd of wedding her outright :  
But some of his affairs, he grieving said,  
Whose great importance brook'd of no delay,  
Demanded that he should go to the city.

This done, on Love's swift wings he would return,  
 And at the altar hail her, "Wedded wife."  
 Matilda never once had dream'd of parting ;  
 And now, the thought o'erwhelm'd her in distress,  
 And show'd her lover she was in his power.  
 So, kneeling at her feet, with sighs, and tears,  
 And many a burst of passionate distress,  
 He ask'd the last dear pledge of her affection :  
 Else must he doubt her fondness was but feign'd,  
 When she rejoic'd to see him thus unhappy.  
 Were not their hearts and souls already one ?  
 Their mutual vows were register'd above ;  
 And Heaven, propitious, smil'd upon their loves.  
 Then, why delay till maudlin priest had bless'd  
 Those rites, themselves containing all of bliss ?  
 Delicious transports, not to be surpass'd,  
 By Nature given to crown love such as theirs ?  
 Before his eloquence the maiden fell.  
 The place, the hour inspir'd voluptuous thoughts ;  
 Luxuriant dreams, from which she was to wake—  
 A creature beautiful indeed, but lost.

Oh! woman! lovely, fond, believing woman!  
 Who, but a fiend, could trample on thy weakness!  
 Who, but a demon, rob thee of thy charms!

A month or so, Glenalvin revel'd there  
 In all the luxury of unhallow'd joys;  
 Till, sated with delight, he bade adieu  
 To her who lov'd him better far than life;  
 And, undisturb'd by one remorseful pang,  
 He sought the gay metropolis, to mix  
 In all the heartless scenes which lord it there.

And scarcely six short months had wing'd their flight,  
 Ere, at the holy altar of the church,  
 Before high heaven, he vow'd himself another's,  
 And scrawl'd a letter to his injur'd love,  
 In which he lightly talk'd of what had pass'd,  
 And counsel'd her to think of him no more.

Meantime, Matilda spent her lonely hours  
 In straying over those delightful scenes  
 Which memory hallow'd, as the haunts of love:

And oft her mind was rack'd with doubts and fears,  
 Which she still strove to quell as soon as form'd ;  
 Feeling as if she did her lover wrong  
 By harbouring them a moment in her breast.  
 But weeks and months roll'd on, and brought no news  
 To heal the pangs of disappointed hope.  
 And now she must betake her to her couch ;  
 Without his love to bless her little one,  
 Or give her comfort in her hour of woe.

At length the long expected letter came.  
 With fervent joy she press'd it to her lips ;  
 And, trembling with emotion, broke the seal.  
 At distance short her anxious parents stood,  
 To augur from her looks what cheer it brought ;  
 For much they fear'd Glenalvin was a villain.  
 She read. They saw her cheeks grow deadly pale ;  
 And the convulsive quiver of her lip,  
 Betray'd the agony her soul endur'd :  
 She drew her hand across her streaming eyes,  
 As if to shut them from some fearful sight,  
 And stood, the monument of mute despair.

Again she read, and an appalling shriek  
Of poignant anguish and of mortal woe  
Arose. The knell of her departed joy.  
She imprecated Heaven to pour its wrath,  
And blast each joy of her betrayer's heart.  
Then, ever and anon, the maniac laugh  
Of love, and scorn, and hatred, wildly mix'd,  
Burst forth, with all the energy of madness ;  
The fearful frenzy of a mind undone.  
Thus was she when her child first saw the light :  
But soon it died, a sinless child of sin.  
Its little form ne'er fill'd its mother's arms ;  
Its infant wail ne'er struck its mother's ear :  
For now her mind was dark, as midnight's gloom :  
Her first wild bursts of passion were subdued,  
And she was calm and simple, as a child.  
The memory of the past disturb'd her not ;  
For her, the future had nor hopes nor fears ;  
She ever seem'd most happy when alone,  
Roaming her native woods, in search of flowers ;  
Or listening to the melody of birds

Which flew around her, welcoming with song  
The approach of one as harmless as themselves.

Thus pass'd a year ; and she, one lovely noon,  
By the bright Clyde, her favourite walk pursued ;  
Humming an air, as exquisitely sweet  
And wildly plaintive, as when zephyrs breathe  
Upon the Eolian Harp's enchanting strings,  
And pour upon the earth their heavenly tones.  
Her form, alas ! was much, and sadly chang'd ;  
And all her sprightliness of step was gone :  
She now was pale and languid, as the flower  
Whose beauteous leaf the canker worm consumes.

Once more she stood within the fairy grot,  
And, with a more than common interest, scann'd  
Its sparry roof grotesque, and spangl'd floor ;  
While something like the light of memory flash'd  
From the deep azure of her hollow eye.  
She seem'd emerging from a long, deep, trance,  
In which her faculties had been absorb'd  
And swallow'd up by strange and fearful shapes,

Which flitted round the darkness of her soul.  
 In listening attitude she forward lean'd,  
 As if some well known footsteps met her ear :  
 'Twas but the rustling of the yellow leaves ;  
 Borne to the earth, by Autumn's moaning blast.  
 She saw them, and she sigh'd, yet felt delight  
 In listening to the melancholy sound.  
 Again it came, nearer, and more distinct :  
 Her bosom flutter'd wildly, as she caught  
 The nodding of a warrior's snow-white plume ;  
 And, springing forward, with a scream of joy  
 She to her bosom clasp'd her lost Glenalvin.

Amazement seiz'd the villain's guilt-struck soul,  
 To find himself thus suddenly embrac'd  
 By one whom he had deem'd the worm's repast.  
 (So he had been informed.) And now he shook  
 To think what keen upbraidings he must hear ;  
 What withering maledictions she would shower  
 On him, the stabber of her bosom's peace :  
 The inhuman author of her many woes.  
 He would have fled, and struggl'd to get free ;



But closer, with imploring looks, she clung ;  
 And cried, " Oh ! no ! we must not part again :  
 For I have had a strange and fearful dream ;  
 And thou methought wert a long time away :  
 At last, return'd, I ran in haste to kiss thee ;  
 But other lips than mine thy kiss receiv'd,  
 And other arms than mine were round thee twin'd,  
 And thou didst smile, and say enchanting things ;  
 But still 'twas to another ; not to me :  
 And then I thought thee cruel, and I cried  
 To see thee use thine own Matilda so.  
 But, tell me, did I dream ? or dream I now ?  
 Why look so fiercely ! What ! Spurn me away !  
 Oh ! God ! I know it now ! It was no dream ;  
 But such as madness gathers from the truth !  
 I have been mad ; mad, by thy villany :  
 Yet art thou there, as beautiful as ever ;  
 Save that thy lips are livid, and thine eye  
 Is bent upon me with a deadly scowl.  
 What would'st thou more ?"—Alarm'd, she stopp'd, for  
     now  
 They stood upon the verge of yonder cliff ;



And there was something in Glenalvin's eye  
 Which told her some dark purpose cross'd his soul.  
 It was too true. He threw his eye around,  
 To see that none were near to view the deed ;  
 Then, ere his helpless victim was aware,  
 With giant force he hurl'd her o'er the rock ;  
 When down she fell into the foaming gulf.  
 One long, one dreadful scream arose on high,  
 And struck a sting into the murderer's heart,  
 He felt as if a Hell was kindled there,  
 And fled appal'd from the accursed stop.

JULIA.

Oh ! Horrible !

HENRY.

Far down below, upon a shelving bank,  
 Her lovely, slender, form was found, at rest.  
 She seem'd like some fair spirit of the Clyde,  
 Asleep upon her water lily bed.

Not long her parents liv'd to mourn her loss :  
The grave soon clos'd above their broken hearts.

JULIA.

And did no vengeance overtake the wretch ?

HENRY.

God's vengeance slumbereth not. It stood prepar'd,  
Ready to burst on his devoted head.  
From that destructive hour he knew no peace ;  
The worm that dies not, gnaw'd his very heart ;  
Sleep vanish'd from his eyes ; or, if he slept,  
A thousand fiends in horrible array  
Haunted his dreams, inflicting nameless pangs,  
Torments unheard of, and unknown to all,  
Save to the ruthless murderer's hell-doom'd soul.  
At first, 'twas thought Matilda met her death  
In venturing to reach some tempting flower  
Far down among the beetling cliffs that grew.  
To sterner whispers that surmise gave way ;

And with her death Glenalvin's name was join'd.  
Then, open execrations met his ear,  
And he was pointed at, with looks of scorn :  
Till, mock'd by foes without, and fiends within,  
He sought to bury, in a foreign land,  
All racking recollections of his guilt.  
And near the foot of the majestic Alps,  
Whose snow-clad summits kiss Italian skies,  
A snug retreat was purchas'd for his use ;  
Amid its haunts that he might live awhile  
Secure from all, except his inward foes.  
But justice, though delaying, did not sleep :  
For, roaming far from home, among the hills,  
A thunder storm arose, dark and horrific :  
Peal upon peal among the caverns roll'd ;  
Flash upon flash illumin'd their bleach'd brows ;  
And the weak, trembling, conscience-stricken, wretch,  
Beneath a rock's rude shelter sunk o'erpower'd ;  
Through agony of fear. Not long he lay,  
Till, high, o'er head, there hung a dense, dark, cloud,  
Whose bosom opening, a bright, vivid, flash  
Flew from its black concave ; and, quick as thought

Descending full upon his guilty head,  
Consum'd him in a moment.

JULIA.

Ah ! how can man, most noble, God-like, man  
Provoke high heaven with such horrid crimes !

HENRY.

Man is a wayward, ever changing being ;  
The child of passion, and the willing dupe  
Of pleasure : though possession yields but pain.  
Yet, onward still, in vain pursuit, he flies ;  
Inhaling poison with the luscious draught.  
Till, cloyed at last, his faculties debas'd,  
And feelings deaden'd, with disgust he spurns  
From him, and tramples on the flower he cropp'd :  
Yea, oft, with fiendish, satisfaction, views  
Its rifl'd beauties, mouldering in the dust.

JULIA.—(*Rising.*)

Yet, one I know whose noble, generous, heart  
 He'd rather give to gorge the Tiger's maw,  
 Than in it harbour aught which derogates  
 From strictest virtue, and his plighted truth :  
 Plighted to one who trusts and trembles not ;  
 Knowing her love's foundation is esteem,  
 Mutual, and hallow'd by the test of years.

HENRY.

And one I know to whose angelic form  
 The Deity has join'd an angel's mind ;  
 Within whose influence nought impure can live :  
 A soul that gives to holiest feelings birth.  
 Cradl'd in innocence, whose thoughts arise,  
 Like grateful incense to the throne of God.  
 That form is thine, my Julia, thine that mind,  
 By me preferr'd to all the world beside.

## ON LOVE.



Oh ! there is a transport for those below,  
Whose hearts by nature are form'd to feel :  
'Tis, to melt in love's delicious glow ;  
To lean on a bosom as pure as snow ;  
And in evening's placid hour to steal  
A kiss ; while the bright moon smiles from above  
On the heart-felt raptures of youth and love.

I've felt love's power ; and my lyre's last string  
Shall thrill, to his maddening impulse true ;  
And memory's fairest forms shall fling  
Their witch'ries o'er him ; as the vernal spring,  
Attires each flower in its loveliest hue ;  
And my fancy's sun, though nearly set,  
Shall once brightly play on his pinions yet.

What although falsehood's withering powers

Have blighted my hopes, and sear'd my brain?

I still remember the gay, green, bowers,

Where I met my own maid, in the night's sweet hours,

To seal our affections, again and again.

And, till this bosom for ever perish,

It still those long lost scenes shall cherish.

She was a maid with a sweet blue eye ;

And rosy cheeks, still dimpl'd with smiles ;

And lips, of a rich vermilion dye,

Through which there had seldom escap'd a sigh ;

And she was possess'd of a thousand wiles

To conquer the heart, for her own was pure,

As the daisy that sleeps in the summer bower.

She hath long been dead. The insatiate tomb

Hath clos'd o'er all that was dear to me.

The summer flowers with their soft perfume

Have pass'd away, and the wintry gloom

Of stern desolation alone I see.

But, what is the winter's angry scowl,  
To the darker shades of my anguish'd soul !

I see her still, in my fancy's dream,  
As she was, when we met in the Moon-lit grove :  
Her auburn tresses disorder'd stream

O'er her neck so fair ; while her blue eyes beam,  
Midst the wild rose leaves ; and her voice, all love,  
Comes, soft and sweet, on my ravish'd ear ;  
Like a long lost air, I was wont to hear.

Her warm breath comes on my burning cheek,  
And lights in my bosom a thousand fires ;  
Her own fair aspect has caught a streak  
Of passion, whose language her blue eyes speak,  
As they fill with the gleamings of young desires :  
And new emotions begin to arise ;  
Which fain would escape in her broken sighs.

She's clasp'd to my heart, and her bosom heaves,  
Like a gentle billow by light winds stirr'd,  
Or, as evening gales wake the summer leaves,  
And murmur music, closer she cleaves



To my own wild breast, and her voice is heard,  
 In softest accents of tenderness,  
 To say such moments are fraught with bliss.

Our lips have met, and now we have sworn,  
     That our hearts are one ; that we part no more ;  
 And, away through the realms of enchantment borne,  
     I feel so bless'd, but, alas ! forlorn  
 I awake. The heavenly dream is o'er :  
 And, sickening, I turn from the prospect away ;  
 To sad desolation of spirit a prey.

But why should I dwell on my own sad tale,  
     When thousands there are who in secret sigh  
 O'er hopeless love ; till the last faint wail,  
     And the bloodless lip, and the cheek all pale,  
 And the death-film, gathering over the eye,  
 Are each, alas ! too true a token,  
 Of blasted hopes, and spirits broken.

## SONG.



Oh ! What can keep my Willie's bark  
Sae lang upon the stormy wave ;  
The wind is high, the night is dark,  
The white surge may be Willie's grave.  
He promis'd, when he gaed awa,  
Ere night, that he would come to me ;  
Oh ! Safely may my Willie's bark  
Come bounding o'er the stormy sea.

Last night, I dream'd a fearfu' dream !  
His hameward way was lash'd wi' storms ;  
And on the mountain waves were toss'd  
A thousand pale disfigur'd forms :  
And as I stood upon the shore,  
And gaz'd upon the angry sea ;  
A huge, foam-crested billow bore  
My Willie's mangl'd corse to me.

This morning when he kiss'd my cheek,

He cast a mournfu' glance on me,

And though he didna muckle speak,

The tear-drop dimm'd his hazel e'e.

Oh! What can keep my Willie's bark

Sae lang upon the stormy wave,

The wind is high, the night is dark,

The surge may be my Willie's grave.

## SONNET I.



Sing on, sweet bird, though pensive be thy strain,  
'Tis not unheard, nor unbelov'd by one  
Whose harp has long been strung to Sorrow's tone,  
And never more may sound to Joy's again.  
Though few my years, it is not Joy, but Pain,  
The sadden'd retrospection that imbues  
With all life's gloomy and unlovely hues,  
Which I endeavour to forget in vain.  
Prospects long cherish'd—never to be mine ;  
Visions long nourish'd—but to pass away ;  
Young glowing hopes—which soon were to decline ;  
Warm friendships form'd—and form'd but to decay,  
These, and a thousand other memories, fall  
On my lorn bosom, like a funeral pall.

## SONNET II.



Of Love, I've had my share too, but it shar'd  
The plunder of my joys, and plunder'd most.  
I never would have mourn'd, whate'er I lost,  
Had this last blow been to my feelings spar'd.  
Contempt, neglect, or scorn, I could have dar'd,  
Proud, in the independence of my mind :  
What were the woes inflicted by my kind,  
To that undying pang, by love prepar'd ?  
Oh ! It sunk deep, beyond the reach of probe,  
Beyond the soothing power of Time to heal ;  
And never, till my bosom cease to throb,  
And Death my eyes in peaceful slumbers seal,  
Shall I recover from the fearful blow,  
Which woman's falsehood gave, to lay me low.

## SONNET III.



But yet, not always on my cares I brood ;  
Fancy will sometimes catch a joyful beam,  
In glory glancing o'er life's troubl'd stream.  
'Tis oftenest found in nature's solitude.  
While lonely musing in the green wild-wood,  
Embower'd in thickest foliage, where the thrush,  
Or blackbird pour their thrilling notes along,  
Or where the grey crags, rise abrupt and rude,  
Or the wild cataracts track their way with foam,  
As they rush on to reach their ocean home ;  
There I can sit through the long summer day,  
Bless'd in imagination's wanderings,  
Drawing my fingers o'er my wild harp strings,  
And sunk in dreams, too soon to pass away.

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